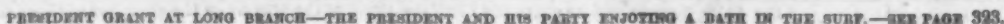


Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1869, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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13 WEEKS, \$1 00.

And now for the particular way in which the spectroscope can be rendered peculiarly serviceable in cases of solar eclipse. At the precise time when the moon fully obscures the body of the sun there is seen a halo of bright, orange-colored light apparently around the edge of the moon, but belonging in reality to the sun. There are also seen ruddy, flame-like protuberances, so much brighter than the halo that the latter seems faint in comparison. One remarkable peculiarity of these protuber-





ances is, that while they resemble flames in some respects, the resemblance ceases when it is noticed that they are flat-topped—which could hardly be the case were they really flames—though some consider them the results of conflagration, inasmuch as it is difficult to conceive how flame could present the uniform flat-topped appearance which constitutes a striking feature of the phenomena. The spectroscopic is here called on to show, by the spectrum analysis, the elements represented by the rays of light from the halo and the protuberances, a task the grandeur of which forms a beautiful commentary on the simple and instantaneous means of accomplishing it.

In such amazing developments some future Milton, if such genius is ever duplicated, may find inspiration for another sublime apostrophe to LIGHT.

## FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 7, 1869.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are impostors.

### Notice to News Agents.

We are preparing to issue a series of handsome show bills, and to insure their efficient circulation, we desire to place ourselves in direct communication with all the News Agents throughout the United States. News Agents who have not yet received our circulars, will please forward to this office their business cards, or addresses in full.

### Canadian Independence.

EXCEPT as regards Cuba, this paper, for ten years at least, has favored no scheme of territorial aggrandizement. It has brought some maledictions on its head by scouting the possible solicitation of Canada—the "New Dominion," we believe, the abortive thing is now called—for the honor of admission into the Union. We have had shot on our shores enough incongruous rubbish, without bringing in the squalid hyperbores. Enough nigger, Irishman, German, and Chinaman to digest, without imperiling health still further by the deglutition of the creature called "Canuck."

But we do sympathize with the Canadian—we suppose we must say "New Dominion"—desire for independence; for an autonomy. Mainly because the present relation with Great Britain, while it is useless for any purpose of protection, defense, or profit, keeps Canada and the United States apart, and from establishing those intimate relations which, while indefinitely deferring political union, would foster common interests, without involving common responsibilities. A common language exists; a common currency, denominatively at least, exists; religion is scarcely less diversified in one country than in the other—all that is needed is perfect reciprocity in trade and a common tariff, to make a perfect unity of interests, and establish permanent harmony. We do not doubt that any proposition for the annexation of Canada would be voted down, by the people of both countries, ten to one; nor have we the slightest doubt that independent Canada could make such terms with the United States as to secure every privilege any State possesses, without assuming any of the heavy responsibilities the events of the last eight years have entailed on the Union.

The result we contemplate—i. e., independence—cannot hurt Great Britain, it will largely benefit Canada, and will be advantageous to us. Therefore "why not?"

We are with the "Independents;" but as to the "Annexionists," we can only say we are "engaged," for many years to come, with sundry raven-tressed ladies to the south of us. So the girls of frosty hair must wait their turn.

### Some Trifles.

The public is occasionally pestered with controversies as to the authorship of articles, chiefly poetical, which have won a certain notoriety in the periodical press. Not long ago there were no less than four claimants to the authorship of a popular little poem, the name of which we have forgotten, and which, it was at last discovered, was published in England before any one of the claimants was born. There has lately been a literary "row" about one of the late Miles O'Reilly's poems, and now we have a new claimant to whatever honors may attach to the authorship of the poem, "Beautiful Snow," made popular chiefly through the recitations of Mr. Stephen Massett—better known by that name now than by his ridiculous assumed cognomen of "Pipes of Pipeville." This claimant appears under the name of "William Andrew Sigourney," prefaced with the designation "Maj.," and followed by the supplementary claim of being nephew of the late Lydia H. Sigourney—whatever that may have to do with the authorship of "Beautiful Snow."

We had occasion to look into this slightly important question some years ago, and became satisfied then that it was the production of its most conspicuous claimant, "Col." J. W. Watson, who has, we believe, embodied it in a collection of his poems. Who Mr. Watson is the nephew of we do not know; but he ranks "Maj." Sigourney as a warrior. The "Maj." appeals to a dead man as a witness in behalf of his claim; and we presume the "Col." could appeal to many such silent witnesses. The "Maj." however, affirms that he published the poem in the "Golden Age," in the first week in January, 1854. Mr. Watson, we believe, affirms that he first published it in *Harper's Weekly*. Let the "Maj." produce the *Golden Age* containing the poem, and let the "Col." produce the *Weekly*, and the dates of the two papers respectively will settle the question of priority of claim, if not the question of authorship, which, even then, will remain an open question (for neither claimant may be the author), but with all the presumptions in favor of the man who published earliest. Meantime the world will roll on.

"The Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association" proposes to get together, as far as possible, the commanders of that "decisive battle" of the war, on both sides, so as to map out and lay down the military operations of the event, the positions and movements of the respective forces, and whatever may go to illustrate the history of the affair. There is no impropriety in this; brave men can feel no humiliation in showing how or where they failed, nor can brave men indulge in vainglory or arrogance because they succeeded, unless they assume that neither God nor Right had ought to do with the result.

It is proposed to make the Ohio river permanently navigable, by confining the surplus of water, that sometimes flows through it, in reservoirs among the mountains, supported by its affluents, and by judicious discharge from them keep the river evenly filled. It has been shown that the quantity of water discharged by the river in any year is sufficient to have maintained upon the Wheeling bar a uniform depth of 8 85-100 feet, nearly 4 feet more than necessary for steamers drawing 5 feet.

Females are allowed in certain cases to plead their cause in the higher British courts. The papers report the instance of a Miss Shedden who occupied the attention of the Law Lords (House of Lords) for twenty-one days, when she was told to "shut up." Is this what the "Woman's Rights Movement" is carrying us to?

### TO-DAY.

God help me—God help me, to-day,  
For my tired hands fall listlessly down;  
For my feet have stopped in the way:  
God help me, to-day!

God help me—God help me, to-day!  
The flowers are gone, the wind blows shrill,  
And I cannot remember a May!  
God help me, to-day!

God help me—God help me, to-day,  
For the autumn is dead at my door,  
And the clouds are lowering and gray:  
God help me, to-day!

God help me—God help me, to-day!  
My heart is lost in the cruel cold:  
Its blood drops red in the frozen way:  
God help me, to-day!

God help me—God help me, to-day!  
The mountains stand dark 'gainst the sky;  
The sun lies low in the crimson west,  
And my heart is lost from love's sweet way:  
God help me, to-day!

### SALADIN.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

In times much older than these, and much more innocent in the ways of the world, that is to say some forty years ago, when race-shows were not so common as they are to-day, when a hand-organ was an ecstasy, a theatre was a temple of the muses, and a travelling-exhibition was a phenomenon—in those times a circus was looked upon not exactly with questioning eyes, since public opinion was not in the least divided upon it, the moral feeling being all one way, and that in such decided disapproval that the word was almost an unmentionable one to ears polite; a circus was, in fact, considered only as a sort of suburb to the bottomless pit, besides being—a fault in the eyes of many by far the heavier—too vulgar a spot to be seen in. In spite of which opinion the receipts of such and kindred entertainments developed, perhaps, the fact of how much people relish the doing of that in which they fancy there is a spice of iniquity, whether there really is or not. Nobody ever argued in defense of these institutions in those days, the circus and its side-shows; nobody adduced the Roman circus or the gladiatorial displays; everybody believed, partly it may be because people sat around an amphitheatre to look at its operations, as in the other, that a circus was quite as degrading a place to be seen in as a Spanish bull-fight, only as much as ninety degrees lower in the scale of social virtue; in fact, the very nadir of virtue, by reason of the absence of much necessity for courage, since—the day of the flying-trapeze and its charming

horrors not having then arrived—anybody could prance about on tame old horses, with broad boards and gay-spangled saddle-cloths upon their backs.

It followed, then, as a matter of course, that, since decent people staid away, decent behavior did exactly the same, and the spectators, being noisy and unruly, added to the objectionable features already existing in the ring—the still more objectionable one of their own ill conduct, so that the night sessions at such places almost always ended in a promiscuous riot between insolent youths, resenting acrobats and drunken teamsters, the shindy being actually looked forward to with as much relish as any other portion of the entertainment, not excepting the dirty lemonade and peanuts.

Once in a while, however, flaring handbills penetrating the recesses of the country, illuminating the imaginations of all the little district-school urchins with their forbidden splendors for weeks beforehand, the great page of the handbill covered with the advertisement of a strictly moral show, endorsed by clergymen, and altogether confined to the illustration of natural history, athletes showing to what strength and suppleness the muscles of the human body could be trained, learned dogs propounding afresh the never-answered problem concerning the precise boundaries where instinct and intellect mingled together, horse-tamers displaying the empire of man over the animal creation, and an unrivaled collection of the birds and beasts of the whole world, gathered at great expense from the four quarters of the globe, some of them being supposed to be the last representatives of species about to become extinct, and the entire menagerie affording a rare opportunity for instruction and improving entertainment to the general public, and more particularly to ladies and children, for whom this exhibition was peculiarly intended. A note bene attached to the bottom of handbills of this nature always warned the generous and confiding public not to confound this entertainment, from the fact of its being held under a tent, with any travelling circus or low show, as no greater mistake could be made. The rustics who read these announcements were only too willing to believe them, and if a few of the usual incidents of the ring, the clowns, the tights, the dancing-women on horseback, were omitted in the schedule, the wicked people, who would go, of course, were pretty shrewdly sure of having them, and the good people, who had been thus cajoled into going, were perhaps not displeased after all when they found themselves, as it were, forced into an acquaintance with the ways of the wicked world without being scandalized to their own consciences and the general eye.

I was but a boy of some twelve or fourteen years—very much younger then than now was a child of a dozen summers—when a parcel of these same virtuous handbills inflamed my fancy, as well as that of all my companions, and shortly afterward one of the strictly moral shows, exempt from the curse pronounced upon the circus, visited the spot where my good parents had their residence, an old country town rambling over a large extent of ground, and containing a scattered but yet numerous population, capable of making a desirable representation beneath the canvas of the great tent, and to propitiate whose sturdy old Scotch Presbyterianism the menagerie had been made quite to eclipse the ring—upon the bills that is. Owing to this latter fact I suppose it was that, after solemn family conclave held upon the subject, it was voted that I, being a boy (and, therefore, as it is generally conceded in nearly all families, to be early broken in to the knowledge of evil), should have the privilege of accompanying my father to the show, and I silently thanked heaven in my heart, perhaps, to think I was a boy, and hoped there would be no end of clowns and slack-rope dancers, and vaulters and tumblers, and possibly mules, and possibly invitations extended to little boys among the audience to come into the arena and ride the mules, and certainly a ride, for any one so daring, in the howdah upon the elephant's back—for of all these delights I had been told by a wicked boy who once had run away from school, and hooked in, as he expressed it, beneath the folds of the canvas covering of the tent, and in all of which hopes I was so assuredly gratified that my good father repented himself of having brought me there, in dust and ashes, within the first half hour after our entrance, and never let go my hand, lest these man-destroyers and boy-stealers, as he began to deem them, should lay hold of it, and he would have led me quickly out but that, seeing my vivid pleasure, he thought it might be unwise to interrupt it, lest that should only generate a longing for such amusements in the future, and feeling it best to wait, in the not altogether Christian hope that something would happen before long to display to me the enormity of these people's offenses, which so far, as he must have been obliged to confess to himself, were not exactly apparent to a child.

Never, though I live a thousand years, and see a circus every day, can I experience such charming emotions as the first few minutes of that afternoon, when everything struck fresh and keen on my unused sensation. Never since have I made a part of any such scene of enchantment as that afforded by the space beneath that canvas roof through which the sunlight was winnowed with the tossing shadows of great leafy branches overhead, with the deadening of the cries and calls without, where the crowd, and the teamsters and the grooms of the rare horses mingled voices, with the smell of the tan and the trodden grass within, with the high-rising tiers of seats, where the ladies, who had been allowed to avail themselves of this chance of enjoyment saved from sin by the menagerie, had taken their places, and sat, with their fans fluttering like birds over beds of flowers, and meaning to explore the awful mystery of the cages that lined one-half the circle of the tent when the exercises of

the ring were over—the cages where the great striped tiger lashed himself, the lions romped and roared, the hyena ceaselessly bristled and raged up and down, the white bear lay like an animated mud-puddle, the serpents coiled, the monkeys chattered, and the parrots cried, and all sorts of horrors, the terrors of the jungles of Asia and the deserts of Africa, were kept from us by nothing but the barrier of those slender iron gratings, and all of it so novel, so thrilling a sight, that while my father held my hand, and we rambled round among the cages, to observation of which he endeavored to confine me by elucidating remarks on the fauna of the Old World, and my attention was perpetually distracted from the roar of the lions by the glare of the bugles, and I could not see the mild face of the towering giraffe for the sudden dashing in of the horses from nowhere, and as if but that moment created out of the invisible air, while I had whirled my father about in swinging on his hand till he must have been thoroughly dizzy, and my own head was utterly bewildered between the watching of the miracle of the talking cockatoos and the desire of not losing an atom of the lovely, swaying grace of a ravishing little girl upon the tight-rope—altogether such an enrapturing and surprising sight that I could not help thinking, like the young wretch I was, that if this was being wicked, what a pity it was, then, ever to be good!

At last, as the keeper of the lions was about to enter the dens and feed them with raw meat from his naked hand, as the bills had unobtrusively promised, my prudent parent conducted me to one of the upper rows of the benches, perhaps in some vague idea that while the lions were eating Signor Dandolo, in case of that accident's occurrence, they might also eat me—and straightway struck at my commanding elevation, I looked no more at all at the wild beasts, and forgot all natural history other than as exemplified in the exquisite person of a nymph whose garments were like the clouds of heaven themselves, and whose lovely feet seemed to tread the very air as she fled round and round the great ring, leaping over banners and through balloons, while an old roan, once somebody's treasure, but at that time blind of both eyes, I fancy now, ambled to the music underneath, as vain, to all appearance, of his crimson and gold-embroidered housings as if he could see them.

It was after this nymph had been assisted out, with appropriate remarks by the clown, that a portion of the entertainment whose promise had attracted quite a large part of the spectators was announced. It was an act of horse-taming performed by a woman.

Rumor had preceded this woman through the region, as of a person young and handsome and modest withal, the wife of an old-country iron-worker, who had learned his craft with those vagrants of his native island commonly called gipsies, and had, at the same time, mastered a singular horse-taming secret of theirs as well—being shrewd and patient and indefatigable in the attainment of anything he was determined on—and who had afterward come over to this country with his craft, his secret, and his pretty wife, where, becoming furiously jealous of the latter, he had abused her so outrageously that she had possessed herself of his secret, and had then fled from his roof to earn what livelihood she might by means of it and of the horse, which, having brought up from a foal herself, she claimed as her own property, and followed by the most shocking threats of vengeance from the maddened and abandoned husband. The first part of her act consisted simply of an exhibition of the talents and accomplishments of this horse, a beautifully fleet and foam-white animal, of great symmetry, and surnamed Saladin; and the second part was devoted to the mental and moral culture of such hitherto ungovernable creatures as should be presented for her process of breaking in by any of the audience.

The nymph of the airy drapery had barely been assisted out by the clown, when another curtain was lifted, and there bounded into the entirely empty ring a horse and rider, the horse a prancing curvetting creature, as white as milk, the rider a slight girlish thing with a rose-leaf skin, clear, fearless eyes, and a fleece of flaxen hair. It was plain that if she had any power over the brute creation, none of it could be due to main strength, for the muscles of those slender wrists could hardly have held down a rebellious baby, not to speak of such a thing as a furious horse. She wore a dark riding-habit and a black-plumed hat, which latter, however, presently fell off and left her fair hair bound back by a narrow black ribbon only. There was a girth about the horse with a stirrup attached, but she had no saddle and no bridle, and guided him solely by the sound of a little switch on one side or the other, or above his head, but never touching him with it, and she took no notice whatever of the audience, neither glancing nor bowing nor acknowledging a plaudit. The horse sped around the ring several times, while his mistress displayed several methods of riding, now rising lightly on her stirrup, after the English fashion, now clinging to her seat, after the manner of the riders in this country, with no more motion than if she were herself a part of the horse, now flying over the ground while half lying on his side like an Arab, now proudly erect on Saladin's back, and never losing balance while he rose upon his haunches and pawed the air. Suddenly, when flying in full career and urged by the thunders of applause that came down like one cry, for we had never seen any such riding nor any such horse in our benighted part of the country before, she gathered her skirt in her hand and leaped to the ground. Quickly unfastening a couple of loops, she flung the long skirt into the hands of an attendant waiting for it outside the ring, and appeared to us clad like any simple girl of the day in a decent frock reaching to the tops of neat boots, with a glimpse of white linen at her throat and wrists, and thereupon proceeded by word of mouth to



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put Saladin through a series of wonderful man-  
oeuvres that made the cheers ring out again  
wildly enough to drown all the music of the  
band, while he marched and danced and piro-  
uetted, and went lame on any leg, and then  
laughed at it loudly, struck statuesque attitudes,  
selected from an alphabet of great blocks the  
letters spelling his own name and pushed them  
prancingly into place, lay down with his mis-  
tress between his feet, stepped over her as she  
sat on the ground, and came back caressing her  
shoulder as if begging pardon for the indignity—  
performed, in short, all the exploits for which  
such horses have since become famous, and  
ended them by walking backward round the  
ring upon his hind feet, the woman advancing  
underneath his lifted hoofs.

It was the first time such doings had been  
dreamed of, not to say witnessed in our un-  
taught little world of rustics, and the wonder  
and admiration of the spectators made the  
very welkin ring again. Even my father forgot  
himself and cheered, and declared it was a noble  
sight to see how love could conquer intelligence  
out of beasts themselves, and that it gave him  
a higher opinion of mankind as God's agent in  
subduing the earth—but I nevertheless heard  
one astute individual near me maintaining that  
that could be no horse at all, and that it was as  
plain as print to see that the woman had only  
thrown a bedevilment over our eyes.

The exhibitor had left Saladin now—who,  
straightway after his nature, began to browse  
around the ring in search of any stray tufts of  
grass that might have been left in tossing up  
the sods of turf to tread the ring—while the  
attendants handed over to her a parcel of  
straps and buckles, and the clown made pro-  
clamation that now was the time for any one  
with unmanageable ponies to produce them in  
the tent, and have them straightened out forth-  
with into useful members of the equine society.  
And presently a farmer, whom we knew, led  
forward a young filly with no particular charac-  
teristic, that I remember, except utter igno-  
rance. The woman smiled as she saw her sub-  
ject, probably because the conquest was so  
laughably easy to her, and having demonstrated  
the untaught condition of the filly to the  
audience, turned her out, in brief time, as well  
broken, to all appearance, as she would ever  
be—her system being much the same as that  
afterward exhibited by Mr. Rarey, with one or  
two minor differences, and a singular little bit  
of abracadabra which, after the manner of  
Lavengro's blacksmith with the Irish cob, she  
uttered, low-voiced, as she blew a breath up  
the creature's nostrils, and then compressed  
them with her hand. Very likely this may  
have been but a piece of claptrap for the delec-  
tation of the audience, but it excited my ap-  
probation strongly at the time, for I was sure it  
could only be a phrase of the great unknown  
language of all beasts that the woman uttered,  
and that it was there that all her secret lay.

The ring, as it is called in that particular ex-  
hibition, was not made precisely as the same  
thing is made to-day; that is, of stout poles  
stuck down here and there, and bound round  
about with a single rope, but it was painted a  
dark-green, and consisted of strong planking  
about two feet high on the inside of the ring,  
which had been excavated round the edges and  
trodden down for more than half that distance,  
and presenting only the height of a foot on the  
side of the spectator, by reason of the sods re-  
moved from the inside having been bunched on  
the outside, while it closed with a gate, and the  
horse, once in it, unless more shrewd than  
most, saw no very convenient way of exit  
without more effort than he probably cared to  
make. Now-a-days, the affair has become so  
common and so trivial, that no one thinks of  
the ring as anything but an indication of the  
place of the performers, but then the unac-  
customed audiences needed something that looked  
like protection, whether it really was so or not.

The filly had just been surrendered into the  
hands of her delighted owner, who found him-  
self spared a year's work for the price of his  
admission fee, and a call had been made for the  
next subject of this wondrous art, when an enor-  
mous black beast, his skin as shining as black  
onyx, his mouth muzzled in his headstall,  
was led in, rearing and plunging, by two men,  
who held him as they might, while his power-  
ful sinews, his fierce and rolling eye, his red lip  
ridged above the glittering teeth, his steel-shod  
hoofs, displayed the vicious nature upon which  
the woman had to practice; and there was not  
one soul on all those crowded benches but  
trembled for her with a quick throb of fear, all  
the more, that just at that moment a screaming  
panther had caused a brown bear to respond  
with a snarl, and all the other beasts had set up  
an answering and antiphonal concert, exciting  
the horse apparently to a pitch of frenzy. But,  
though presently the roaring from the cages  
subsided, our fears for her found no cause for  
abatement, when the clown, from without the  
ring, informed us that we had the pleasure of  
beholding a beast recommended to them by his  
owner as thoroughly bad and unbreakable, and  
of such vicious temper that if it were possible  
to attribute insanity to such creatures, he  
might be called a maniac, and that the marvel-  
ous horse-tamer would now have the honor of  
showing us what could be done with such a  
raging spirit of evil.

The band had ceased playing, and there was  
total stillness in the tent, disturbed only by the  
cries of the cockatoos during those few instants  
while the clown was speaking, for the well-fed  
beasts were satisfied and quiet at last, and any  
one who had chosen, and had not been entirely  
absorbed upon the scene below, might have  
heard, as I did with every faculty together  
strung up to a high point of excitement—might  
have heard some careless fellow, as it seemed, in  
the happy sunshine outside the tent, whistling a  
wild sweet tune, or rather portion of a tune, as  
full of shakes and trills as the song of any bird  
upon the bough. No one else minded it, but  
at any rate the horse heard it, the great plun-  
ging black one; and so did Saladin for that, for  
I saw the latter suddenly prick up his ears

where he stood loose and listlessly at one side  
of the ring, now and then looking for a tussock  
of grass, and wandering after it, while just as  
suddenly the black horse dropped his head be-  
tween his knees, and planted his feet, and  
stood as stolidly immovable as if he were hewn  
and polished out of black marble. But if we  
on the benches had fears, the little woman had  
none, and this was the very moment for her to  
make use of, and, seizing it, she sprang for-  
ward, removed the headstall, took the reins  
from the hands of the two men, who made off  
quickly and with great relief, and, swift-fingered  
as fear but deft as deliberation, had slipped her  
strap round one ankle of the horse, about to  
connect it with the other, and in the same  
breath a voice outside the tent, cried, "Soh,  
you brute!"

I could not have told you what made me,  
child as I was, fancy even in that quick mi-  
nute that the voice in this exclamation was that  
of the whistler of the trilling tune, except that  
I was so highly wrought by my interest in the  
scene as to quicken every perception; but  
hardly had I time to entertain the fancy when,  
all at once, the woman down there became as  
white as a leper, and we heard her cry, "Help  
me here, help me! It is his voice! The beast is  
trained, I tell you—the beast is trained to kill  
me!" And while she cried she was down  
among his trampling terrible feet that showed  
their shining soles with every second, while the  
great black fiend yelled and tried to snatch her  
flesh with his teeth, and turned and bit the dust  
into which he trod her with those horrid hoofs,  
each one of which seemed to be possessed with  
a devil of malignity. I never can forget the  
sight, though half the people there instanta-  
neously hid their faces that they might see no  
more of it, and the ladies cried and fainted,  
with no one thinking of heeding them at all;  
even then the remembrance of a frightful pic-  
ture I had seen, where some ancient was de-  
voured by his horses, flashed across me as I  
shuddered but gazed at the shrieking helpless  
woman there beneath that stamping iron that  
must strike and crush her to nothing but one  
monstrous clot before a single man of all that  
swarm of them springing toward the barricade  
would be there.

The men indeed had been quick, quick as  
action can follow thought, and without a pause  
of cowardice. But as suddenly as they had  
dashed forward they all staid where they were  
in amazement. Something else had been quick,  
was before them, and was doing what they  
could not. Saladin had sprung, like one single  
flash of light, upon the spot, had bent his head  
into the danger, and had seized his mistress  
with his teeth in her torn clothing, and had  
dragged her out, while the other beast was  
startled by the surprise of the thing; but then,  
instantly recovering himself, was bounding  
after Saladin, who had risen on his hind feet,  
holding the woman aloft, eluding the great  
black demon at one side and at the other, never  
letting go his hold of the woman, enduring the  
assault of the adversary with a single repulsing  
plunge and kick, rising on his hind feet again  
and dropping his mistress outside the ring,  
where she was seized by a dozen reaching  
hands and carried off safe but unconscious.

Then Saladin turned, and, like a bolt of  
white fire, darted back to the encounter, and  
in another moment the two beasts were locked  
in such a deadly struggle as twice a thousand  
eyes together had never looked upon before or  
since, rearing, rending, thrusting, screaming:  
a magnificent, even if a savage and shocking  
sight, with the wonderful beauty of both the  
beasts, their contrasts, the fury of their eyes,  
the flecks of their flying foam, their raging  
passions—passions whose expression it is be-  
yond the imagination of man to conceive, and  
much more to feel—carved out of silver and  
out of ebony, and animated with a blast of  
some infernal blaze, they might have been in  
several of the moments of their interlocked  
struggle, and there was something so tremen-  
dous in their anger that it seemed like the  
anger of supernatural and prodigious creations  
belonging to some other era and planet than  
that where human beings dwell. It was indeed  
an awful scene, kindling passions in all of us  
the beholders, only less outrageous—nor can it  
be doubted how the event would have gone at  
last, for all Saladin's supple strength, he trained  
to virtue, and the other one to vice—for there  
can be no doubt that the black creature had  
been brought up to do this very work by the  
master, only half of whose secret had been  
stolen from him—and lately rearing in their  
dreadful embrace in the air, now they rolled to-  
gether on the ground, and even the wild crea-  
tures in their cages cowered in a deathly terror  
of silence, while the men outside the ring were  
running and shouting for reins and rope and  
tackle, and this man cried out to shoot, and  
that one answered that it was impossible to  
shoot one without the other, and at any instant  
between the battling beasts the fatal blow  
might be given.

All in a heartbeat, in the midst of the confu-  
sion and the horror—there was but little tumult,  
so great was that horror—that tune which I had  
heard whistling outside the tent, transfixed my  
memory as though my ears were listening to it  
again, and whether I did not know what hap-  
pened, in my excitement, or whether I was  
taken possession of by something not myself, I  
have not the least idea, but I had a whistle like  
a life, and boy as I was, among all the people, I  
blew out the tune there like mad. And in an-  
other heartbeat I saw the great black beast let  
go his grasp of Saladin and struggle up on his  
fore feet, though his body dragged upon the  
ground, and plant the feet immovably before  
him once more, while the men leaped over and  
secured Saladin in safety; and, while they did  
it, there came a pistol-crack from somewhere,  
a sound only half heeded in the confusion and  
the cries of the circus people and spectators,  
just started alike from the numbness of their  
amazement, a pistol-crack, perhaps from the  
master of the brute who had failed to do his  
one work in all the world, and the black shin-

ing monolith that rose there half erect, quiv-  
ered and heaved and tumbled over dead.

As for Saladin, when I remembered out of  
my Latin lessons or some other book that night,  
that Nero made his horse First Consul, and He-  
logabalus decreed the honors of the Roman  
gods to his—well, I did not so much wonder at  
them!

#### BOOK NOTICES.

**THE HOLLANDS.** By VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.  
Boston: Loring.

Though not of the sensational order, full of action  
and quite interesting. It cannot fail to please the  
large class of readers who prefer novels illustrating  
the better forms of social life. Like all that Miss  
Townsend writes, the work is pervaded by a high  
moral tone.

**THE ART JOURNAL.** New York: Virtue & Yors-  
ton.

Fine steel engravings form the prominent feature of  
this publication. In the numbers for June and July,  
just received, are four from pictures by R. Ansdale,  
Miss R. Solomon M. Stone, and C. Standfield, and two  
from sculptures by C. Belloc and J. D. Crittenden.  
Among the wood-cuts is a remarkable illustration by  
Dore of a scene in "Il Paradiso."

#### THE PRESIDENT AT LONG BRANCH.

PRESIDENT GRANT and his family arrived at  
Long Branch on Monday, 19th July, and immediately  
took possession of the apartments provided for them  
at the Stetson House. The advent of the distin-  
guished visitors created but little excitement, and the  
President has been permitted to enjoy the repose and  
relaxation that are, no doubt, the object of his so-  
journ at the fashionable watering-place. He spends  
his time mostly with his family, indulging in the  
delights of surf-bathing, taking a morning drive or  
breathing the exhilarating sea air in quiet and com-  
parative seclusion.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN PRESS.

##### The French Atlantic Cable.

On Saturday, July 3, the Great Eastern arrived at  
Brest, France, and the operation of splicing the shore  
end to the main cable of the French line of ocean tele-  
graph was successfully performed. The Hawk had  
already gone out and picked up the buoy to which the  
seaward end of the shore line of cable had previously  
been secured. It was then towed alongside the mam-  
moth ship, the shore end was taken aboard, and the  
splicing was effected by weaving together for about  
ten yards the copper ends of the conductor, and in-  
sulating the long joint with fold after fold of gutta-  
percha. At midnight the splice was raised from the  
water, into which it had been plunged to cool, and  
the work of weaving on the massive iron wires around  
the gutta-percha was commenced. Our illustrations  
represent the Hawk under way to pick up the shore  
end buoy, and the Chiltern, with her boats, preparing  
to lay that end of the cable in the little bay at Fort  
Minou, about ten miles from Brest.

##### Pilgrims to Mecca.

Of the 100,000 pilgrims who passed through Egypt  
at the close of the month of March, on their way from  
Mecca, 77,000 came by land; the others by sea to  
Djeddah and Suez. This is a greater number than  
has been seen for six years, and of that immense  
multitude not one was attacked by cholera, which  
has generally been the scourge of such expeditions.  
This was owing to the sanitary measures adopted  
and strictly carried out. The return from Mecca was  
completed in a very orderly manner. It is the first  
time that the Suez Canal has been the channel for the  
transportation of pilgrims. The journey was in this  
way considerably shortened, and the travelers suf-  
fered less than on former occasions.

##### Inauguration of Sea-Baths at Calais, France.

The season of sea-bathing was inaugurated at Calais  
on the 20th of June, with festivities exceedingly bril-  
liant, but somewhat disturbed by a heavy rain. The  
entertainments on the occasion consisted of pigeon-  
shooting, games of all kinds, and, in the evening, a  
grand banquet in the principal hall of the establish-  
ment, which was attended by the civil and military  
authorities of Calais, and a great number of other dis-  
tinguished guests.

##### Baptism of Prince Baudouin of Flanders.

On the 26th of June a numerous company assem-  
bled at the palace of the Count of Flanders, at Brus-  
sels, to witness the baptism of the young Prince Bau-  
douin (Leopold Philippe Marie Charles Antoine Joseph  
Leon), heir-apparent to the crown of Belgium, who  
was born at Brussels, June 3, 1869. Our engraving re-  
presents the baptismal ceremony, performed by the  
Bishop of Malines.

##### Reception of the Viceroy of Egypt by the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland.

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland received the  
Viceroy of Egypt at their magnificent mansion, Staf-  
ford House, St. James's, on Monday evening, June  
20. The noble hostess, followed by the duke, accom-  
panied their distinguished guest up the grand stair-  
case, which is the incident shown in our illustration.  
About forty persons sat down to the elegant banquet,  
and the Prince and Princess of Wales favored the  
Duke and Duchess with their presence at the evening  
party, which was attended by 300 persons, at a later  
hour.

##### The French Camp at Chalons.

The first series of exercises at the camp of Chalons  
is terminated. The troops left on the 30th of June.  
The Emperor, accompanied by the Prince Imperial,  
was present at a great number of manoeuvres of pecu-  
liar interest. Our engravings represent a sham bat-  
tle, exhibiting the features of the capture of the  
Mourmelon.

##### THE SEVENTH REGIMENT EXCURSION.

On the evening of the 21st of July, the crack  
regiment of the N. Y. S. N. G., the "Seventh,"  
started from this city on their excursion to Saratoga.  
The City of Hartford, on which the regiment em-  
barked, afforded ample accommodation for the plea-  
sure-seeking gray coats, and the voyage up the Hud-  
son was one of the most charming features of the  
excursion. At several places on the river, as the  
steamer passed, the citizen-soldiers were saluted with  
cheers, the waving of banners, and firing of cannon.  
At Pleasant Valley, where Colonel Clarke, the com-  
mandant of the regiment, resides, there was quite a

display of fireworks and a good deal of enthusiasm  
manifested by a crowd of ladies and gentlemen who  
assembled along the shore to greet the gray coats.  
At Newburg, Mr. James H. Banker's yacht Rambler,  
which lay midstream, was gayly bedecked with flags  
and banners in honor of the excursionists, and as the  
Hartford steamed by hundreds of sky-rockets shot up  
from her decks, lighting up the waters from shore to  
shore.

Arriving at Troy, the "Seventh" was received by  
the Twenty-fourth regiment, Colonel Stienburgh com-  
manding, and the procession moved through the  
principal streets, the sidewalks being densely packed  
with enthusiastic men, women and children, who wel-  
comed the regiments by cheers and waving of hand-  
kerchiefs.

The regiment during the parade formed into line  
before the residence of General Wool, who welcomed  
the command in a neat little speech, in which he re-  
ferred to the services which the Seventh had rendered  
the country during the war. At the conclusion of the  
parade and reception, a magnificent collation was  
spread in the Troy House, to which the gray coats did  
ample justice.

Late in the afternoon of the 22d, the regiment  
reached Saratoga, and the entire resident population  
joined with the guests of the hotels to give eclat to  
the occasion. On the same evening a complimentary  
ball was given, in honor of the command, at the Union  
Hotel, the new ball-room being the scene of the fes-  
tivity. This fashionable watering-place has never  
known a more grand or elegant entertainment. The  
hotels were crowded to their utmost capacity with  
visitors from all parts of the country, and from the  
city of New York, especially, who had come for the  
express purpose of attending the ball. By six o'clock  
in the evening there were at least 4,000 strangers in  
the place.

The ball-room was beautifully decorated and bril-  
liantly lighted, and the soft lustre of Chinese lanterns  
illuminated the grounds of the hotel. The regimental  
band and two others were active in supplying the  
musical requisites of the occasion. Many officers of the  
regular army were present in full uniform, assisting  
the dazzling military effect of the scene, the brilliancy  
of which was heightened by the magnificent toilets of  
the ladies. Shortly after midnight a splendid ban-  
quet interrupted the Terschorean exercises, which  
were afterward resumed and continued until day-  
light.

#### IRISH PATHOS.

I ONCE rendered a poor woman, a stranger to  
me, a small service—little more, in fact, than a pre-  
scription for her disease, which I knew, from the  
symptoms described, she was only aggravating by  
home-made remedies.

This prescription was all, save that I afterward  
listened to some fond maternal descriptions of her  
daughter, Rose. "She was the bravest girl that ever  
stepped in shoe-leather, or took the light out of the  
chapel door! She was entirely beautiful! Her hair  
was as yellow as the golden corn that waves its ripe  
shocks in the harvest-field; and her eyes were as  
blue as the bows of the fax, and her lips were as red  
as the red haws of the hawthorn. But Rose had a  
spirit, and couldn't endure the thoughts of settlin'  
down in poverty, though many was the boy that  
asked her. So she went away to Amerikay, to push  
her fortune, and left her mother alone for her to  
mourn. She often writes, however, and blessins on  
her! she never forgets to send the half of all she  
saves!"

All this and a great deal more I listened to with un-  
feigned patience and interest. It was a splendid  
summer's day, and we were sitting on the rocks  
together by the seaside. I was looking alterna-  
tely into the poor pale face of my companion and  
on the calm, blue ocean, with its "infinitesimal sea  
of smiles."

At length I rose to depart; the poor woman rose  
also, and, gathering her gray cloak around her, pre-  
pared to go her different way. She thanked me with  
humble gratitude for my kindness in "discoorsin to  
the likes of her." I smiled, and said it was no com-  
pliment whatever; that I had been much pleased and  
interested.

To talk to them, however, is a compliment which  
the poor sympathetic Irish appreciate highly. The  
very pride and glory of their hearts is to get into good  
company! Upon such an interview they will ever  
after dwell with unfading delight and satisfaction.

I extended my hand to my humble friend, and said,  
"Farewell!" "Farewell!" she replied, with tears in  
her eyes as she pressed it with genuine goodwill, "and  
I will think of you and pray prayers for you over the  
coals by the fire at night when you're far away, and  
when nobody's here!"

**THE Hon. George M. Robeson, Secretary of  
the Navy, and other distinguished gentlemen, made  
an excursion to Mauch Chunk, and other mining  
regions of Pennsylvania, on Wednesday, July 28. The  
excursionists passed over the famous Switch-Back  
railway, which begins on the summit of Mount Pis-  
gah, and extends a distance of twenty-two miles  
through valuable coal stations. This railway is tra-  
versed entirely by gravitation, with the exception of  
four inclined planes where immense stationary en-  
gines are used to overcome the great eminences, and  
is one of the most interesting curiosities in the country.**

**WHAT CHEMISTRY DOES FOR US.**—What  
would become of all our adulterations, and consequent  
cheap shops, without chemical manufacturers and  
the clever combinations of the analyst? A system of  
trade which gave us no alum in our bread, no chalk  
in our milk, no salt in our butter, no sulphuric acid  
in our vinegar, nor bole Armenian and Venetian red  
in our sauces generally—which gave us curry-powder  
without red lead, pickles naturally green without ace-  
tate or sulphate of copper, Cayenne pepper innocent  
of red lead, vermilion, sealing-wax, bi-sulphuret of  
mercury, or Venetian red, and custard and egg-  
powders not colored with chrome yellow, or chromate  
of lead—why, we should not recognize our diet, and,  
perhaps, not a few of us would be anxious to get back  
to our chemicals again, as giving a fuller "body" at  
a smaller outlay. But, whether we like it or not,  
these are only a few of the ordinary agents employed  
in adulterating, and therefore cheapening, certain ar-  
ticles of food. Rife everywhere, they are nowhere so  
criminally excessive as in the confectionery shops. If  
the makers of sugarplums and lollipops were forced to  
mold their "suck-a-bobs" out of honest sugars,  
and color them with harmless vegetable coloring mat-  
ters, what would become of the plaster-of-Paris  
trader? and what a slack time the mineral dye-makers  
would have! We give Dr. Arthur Hassall's inviting  
list of the various adulterating agents employed in  
coloring confectionery, as an agreeable topic for pa-  
rents and guardians, who are wont to reward their  
good little children with "something nice," the tra-  
ditional "goody" of our youthful days: "Colored  
confectionery is adulterated with East Indian arrow-  
root, wheat and potato flour, hydrated sulphate of  
lime; and colored with cochineal, lake, Prussian blue,  
Antwerp blue, artificial ultramarine, carbonate of  
copper or verditer, carbonate of lead or white lead,  
red lead, vermilion, the chrome yellows or chromates  
of lead, lemon, orange, and deep gamboge, the three  
brasswick greens, emerald green or arsenite of cop-  
per, Indian red, brown ferruginous earths, chiefly  
umber, sienna, and Vandyke brown, and various com-  
binations of the above pigments, and also bronze  
powders."



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 323.



THE FRENCH ATLANTIC CABLE—THE HAWK LEADING THE WAY TO THE SPOT WHERE THE SHORE END WAS BUOYED, NEAR BREST, FRANCE.



BAPTISM OF PRINCE BAUDOUIN, HEIR-APPARENT TO THE THRONE OF BELGIUM, AT BRUSSELS.



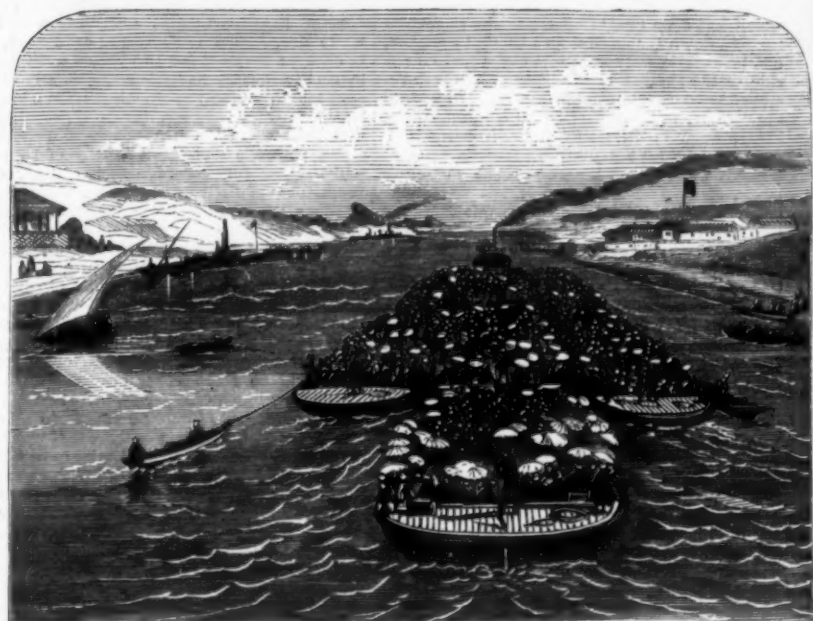
THE FRENCH ATLANTIC CABLE—THE CHILTERN PREPARING TO LAY THE SHORE END OF THE CABLE, NEAR BREST, FRANCE.



RECEPTION OF THE VICEROY OF EGYPT, BY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, AT STAFFORD HOUSE, ENGLAND.



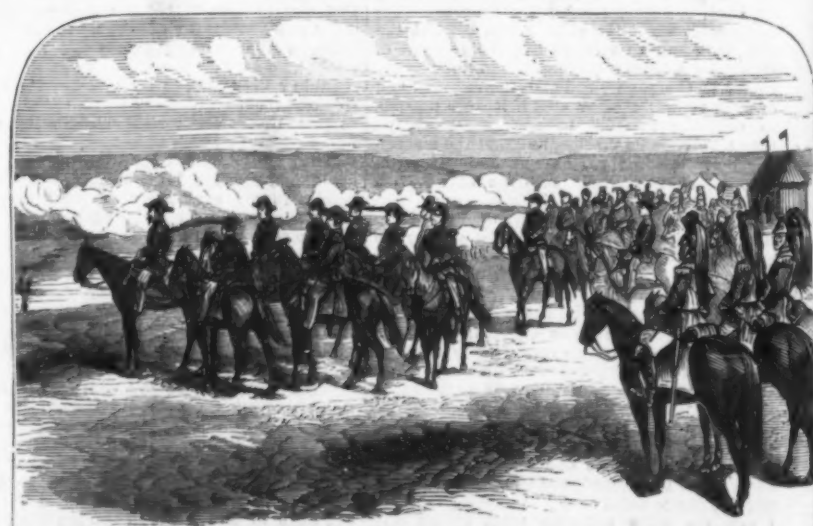
TYPES OF PILGRIMS FROM MECCA.



PASSAGE OF PILGRIMS FROM MECCA ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ—VIEW TAKEN BEFORE KAUTARA, ON THE MARITIME CANAL.



INAUGURATION OF THE SEASON OF SEA-BATHING AT CALAIS, FRANCE.



THE CAMP AT CHALONS, FRANCE—GRAND REVIEW AND SHAM FIGHT.





THE EXCURSION OF THE 7TH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. N. G.—THE GRAND RECEPTION AT THE NEW BALL-ROOM OF THE UNION HOTEL, SARATOGA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 323



THE EXCURSION OF THE 7TH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. N. G.—THE BALL AT THE UNION HOTEL, SARATOGA—THE GROUNDS OF THE HOTEL ILLUMINATED WITH CHINESE LANTERNS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 323.



## LOVE'S REGRET.

Love, we shall never clasp again  
 Heads moist with love's fresh dew!  
 Does such vague unforgetfulness despair,  
 As falls round me, fold you?  
 A deep-drawn curse for whispering tongues,  
 For love's cup rimmed with fire;  
 For love turn'd gall, for lovers' wrongs,  
 When suchwise fails desire.

There is no trouble in the world  
 Like this to feel forlorn;  
 The children of sweet fancy dead,  
 The bridal brood unborn.  
 Oh, love can make the spirit sad,  
 And love can make it gay!  
 The vision, which—so good—we had,  
 Are swiftly flown away!

Come, sit beneath these cypresses,  
 And pluck a branch of rue;  
 Let fall a heavier, bitterer tear  
 Than other mourners do.  
 They weep for those their hands held fast,  
 A brief while, ere they died;  
 But we, the unborn loved ones, placed,  
 By love's hands, side by side.

## POOR GRIZEL.

A BONNIE young couple than Griselda Jeffrey an' her gudemon was never seen in Dundee (began our grandmother). Ye'll ken frae the name they were no' o' this countrie, an' I'm no sayin' but what the folks here might hae taken kinder to them, had their name been Drummond or McNab. But there was nae denyin' that the ane an' the ither were bonnie-looking an' weel conductit.

Griselda, indeed, wi' her stately step, an' queenly way o' carryin' her graceful held, was mair like a real leddy to look at than the wife o' a warkin' mon.

No' that she warkit mickle hersell—mair's the pity! for the needle's a safe companion for women folk. It keeps the fingers nimble and blithe, an' it gies the mind a wholesome turn in fittin' an' pleasin' an' makin' do.

There's nae a mair comely task, nor an honest cause for pride, than the woman's skill to gar auld claes look amais as gude as new.

But, alack! puir Grizel had no' the gift, an' she cared nae to seek for it. An' while her gudemon was spared to her it was a weel enoo, for he warkit cheerily the lee lang day, an' had nae ither thocht but just to pour the siller he earned into his wife's lap. He was a buidnermon: an' his wage was gude.

Living, the ane for the ither as they did, Griselda cared naught for the neebors' word that "she was owre fine for them!"—an' gettin' hersell up for a leddy, indeed! an' sic like clizh-maclavers.

But they that were hardest against her were fain to greet, when a terrible day they saw the puir handsome lad carried by a lifeless corse!

He'd fa'en frae a ladder o' great height. He moun hae de'd, the doctors said, before he reached the grund, sae his body didna suffer pain. An' the minister said—that he trusted his soul was safe i' the fauld wi' the Good Shepherd he'd aye lo'd an' sought to follow.

Wad that his misfortunate wife had been won by him to thochts o' anither world. But she lookit never abune! Her heaven an' her earth war ever by her side! Her Jamie was her idol. She lo'd him, puir lassie, wi' a' the strength o' her heart an' soul.

Sae when the licht o' her eyes was ta'en frae her wi' so sharp an' sudden a stroke, she was like aane distraught; she wadna hear to a word frae neebor, or frae minister, but day an' nicht she sat by the bed whar he was laid out, rockin' hersell to an' fro, wi' ever the same moanin' cry, "No! a word for puir Grizel, Jamie! no aane last word for yer puir wife, Jamie!"

Oh, but twas a pitfu' sight to see! and mony a heart gaed out to her in her deep distress; but she took nae heed o' ony. Aye, she sat wi' dry e'en fastened on the face o' the dead, wi' her sair cry ower and ower, "No! a word for puir Grizel, Jamie! no! aane last word for yer puir wife, Jamie!"

The neebors had gotten prepared the puir lad's narrow bed i' the Kirk-yard, but nane daur lay a finger on the corse, for Grizel watched it wi' sleepless eyes.

Sae the dochtor (to my thinkin' he was ill-advised) in persuadin' her to swallow some food gied a sleepin' draught to her, an' when the widow awoke the body was gane!

'Twas a misjudged thing to do; frae that hour she mistrusted an' hated a' her kind; she felt that a grievous wrong had been done to her, an' a' hope o' her richt mind returnin' noo, was forever gane.

She lookit an uncanny thing, wi' her great black e'en shining out frae amidst her lang gray locks—for her hair had turned gray in ae nicht.

An' sic she lived on; wi' never a word to pass her lips, save the needfu' anes to be gettin' her a bit o' food an' claes.

There were some that hoped she'd be roused frae her grief when God sent her a bonnie lad-bairn—but it was nae sae. The look o' fierce joy that flashed frae her e'en, as she clutched the wee babe to her breast, wad hae frightened ony to see, I was tauld—for it was no like the tender love o' a Christian mither for her bairn.

She suffered the babe to be baptized, but she wadna gie ony name, sae the minister ca'd him Robert, for they daurna say the father's name.

Robbie grew into a weel-favored lad, wi' black e'en bricht as diamonds, curlin' hair, an' lips as red as cherries. 'Deed, twas a marvel to a' he was sic a gay, high-spirited lad; frae that gloomy cot the sound o' his ringin' laugh wad startle the passers-by, but nae echo it ever had! There was but the sound o' the ane laugh an' the ane voice!

Robbie was the idol o' his mither's heart, an' she wad hae poured out her life-blude ony day

to do him service; but she'd no' the pleasant smile nor the cheerie word that wins young folk to love their ain fieside.

'Twas a waeft thing to see that the widow's ne son had mair o' fear than love for the puir joyless mither, whose only thocht an' hope he was.

The ane delight o' the boy was to rin awa' frae his hame, an' get among the sailors on the shore; an' aften had he, unbekenned by his mither, gaed out in a boat to visit the ships that lay in the offing far out.

As the lad grew, this ae pleasure, his passion for the sea, grew mair an' mair strang; till ane nicht (his heart moun hae throbbit the while) he tauld his mither o' his darlin' wish to be a sailor, an' gang to sea.

It was as if a lightning stroke had fa'en between them, an' in her fierce an' sudden anger, the puir demented woman threatened the lad wi' a mither's curse gin ever he daured to say the word again.

Robbie's eyes flashed, an' his cheeks grew scarlet; but he pressed his white teeth thegither, an' never a word passed between.

But the morn nae sound o' his voice was heard. The mither, wi' white lips an' tremblin' knees, tottered to his chamber door—an' listened—listened—cruched down upo' the floor, for she'd no' the power to stan'—an' then she creepit in, and sunk down by the bed.

It was nicht-time ere she daured look up, for she kenned what she suld find! The pillow had no' been prest. Robbie had gaed to sea.

An' noo frae the desolate woman's wearyfu' lot the one sparkle o' licht had de'd out. She sank frae the licht o' every livin' thing, even frae the licht o' heaven itself. She darkened the chaumbers o' her house, and when forced to gae abroad to buy food, they that met her shrank awa'—her looks were sae fierce and wild.

Evil days were those—a wicked madness had gane abroad.

Had a cauld spring, or a wet simmer, brocht sickness amangst the beasts? had stormy winds wrecked the boat o' a fisher lad? they wadna see in it the orderin' o' an Almighty hand; but senseless, wicked as they were, "It was Witch's wark," they cried. And ye moun be sure it was no' lang ere ill-willie fules had catched up some pure bodie, and fastened on her the dreadful name o' a Witch.

Friendless, an' sair at heart, believin' hersell forsaken o' God an' man, sin her ae bairn had fled frae her, the wild an' hungry looks o' Grizel were just a terror to a'

Puir saul, her hungerin' was for human kindness an' love! She had frighted them awa' her ain sell, but noo the time had come when she yearned for ane pitfu' look or word.

But her hour had gaed by! the neebors she'd flyted had flung out ill words against her, an' mischievous silly talk had putten together all sorts o' idle tales, an' sae puir Grizel was noo to be ca'd a Witch.

Puir Grizel, the trials the Lord had sent were terrible indeed, but there moun hae surely been a "needs-be."

We a' ken how pitfu' the Lord is—but when folk winna hear—He moun knock loudly then—wae's me, when our hearts are unco' hard, the fire moun needs be fierce that's to melt them into vessels o' grace.

Oh, Grizel, Grizel, woman; puir, puir Grizel; gif ye hadna kept fast shut the door o' yer heart, the Prince o' Peace wad hae entered in; His ain richt hand wad hae held you up, and the cruelest death wou'd then hae seemed sweet—for yer wad hae seen yer Jamie's smile ayont the golden gates o' heaven. We canna misdoubt the Lord, bairns, an' wha shall say it was no' by a baptism o' fire puir Grizel was saved at last?

My bairns! I canna speak o' a' their devilries—but the hateful wretches broke into her puir bit lanely house. They tortured her wi' cruel speerin' after her by-gane days, an' her scorn an' mockery, o' their fear o' her, hastened her awfu' fate!

The witch's doom was pronounced on her—Grizel was to die by fire!

Oh! whar was nae that suld hae been by her side? Had the strang arm o' her ain son been there (a man grown he moun then hae been) wha wad hae daured to lay a finger on the puir heart-stricken woman? But the widow was childless—she kenned naught gif her ae bairn was alive or dead.

Twenty years had come an' gane, an' ne'er a word had puir Grizel heard o' her son.

It was twenty years to a day sin Robbie Jeffrey rinn'd awa' frae his hame. 'Twas a lovely simmer morn; twa fishermen stood on the shore; the ane was busy mendin' his nets, the ither was just spyin' about the port, an' notin' the ships that came and went.

"Yon's a strange sail!" exclaimed Gordie Grant.

"An' whar's the wonder o' that?" muttered Andy Robertson, without lookin' up frae his wark.

"Are ye no' for a stretch on the water, mon, to try our chance o' sellin' some fish an' fruit to the stranger ship that's just come into port?"

"Will the nets be mendin' themselves the while, Gordie Grant?"

"True for you, mon" (Gordie's was the licht heart whar no shadow rests)—"I'll no be idlin' about aye mair; I'll just speak a word to the gude wife an' join you at wark till a' done."

So saying, he hastily entered a cottage hard by.

"Whar's the lad, Jessie; whar's Tam?"

"There is he, gude mon; are ye wantin' him for aught? I'd be glad if ye were," said she, coming up close an' whisperin' in his ear.

"The puir laddie's no' hissel the day, an' little wonder is it wi' the lang nicht o' greetin' he's had, puir bairn. I just thocht his heart was broken yestreen when he cam hame frae seein' his last o' puir—"

"Hush, wife, hush! dinna say the name."

I've got a gran' scheme in my held, an' the boy will do weel enoo' to carry it out."

He went up to him, an' layin' his han' on his dark curly locks, he said:

"Are ye for the sea this bricht simmer morn, my lad?"

"Ay, father, ay," said the boy, springin' frae his seat; "I'd gang onywhere to be out o' this wicked town—were it no' for the mither an' you, I'd gang straight aff to sea, an' put fit on its shore never mair. Where sic warks o' the dell are done, 'tis a grief an' a shame to abide. Gang to the sea, father? 'deed will I, an' thanks for bidin' me sae to do." An' the lad flung his arms round his father's neck, an' burst into tears.

"Ye maunna be sae upset, my son. Ye hae dune a' ye culd, gude lad; but it wad take stranger arms than yours an' mine, an' a' our kindly fisher lads, to fecht against the evil spite o' those who've got the strang law on their side. Pray for her, laddie—pray for yer puir auld friend; it's the kindest act ye can do, an' sae too will yer mither an' me. Fu' o' trouble an' grief has her life been, an' a cruel death she moun dee; God help her, puir dame! God hae mercy on her, an' gie rest to her saul! But we'll no' speak ony mair o' what we canna mend, an' ye maunna greet like a bairn, my son," said the father, strokin' the shinin' black curls o' the han'some lad.

The boy dashed away the big drops that hung frae the silken lashes o' his e'en. The mither's wistful gaze had been fastened on fither an' son, an' noo she drew near to fill a basket wi' fresh fish an' fruit for the boy to sell on board o' the stranger ship.

"Sae swift as she's made for port, I'd wager a kindly welcome there to the first foot that boards her frae shore."

The mither tenderly kissed her bairn, an' fither an' mither bairn bade "God speed him," an' Tamle Grant ran down to the water side; wi' mickle haste loosin' the boat, he rowed awa' to the ship.

Already her sails were hauled down, an' the anchor it dippit in the sea as the lad sprang up the side.

His hand was seized wi' a friendly grip by a tall an' han'some mon. A bronzed an' bearded face was his, wi' hair as black as the raven's wing, and his e'en shone bricht as the stars. It's been tellt to me that the look o' joy on his face was just beautifu' to behold.

"Welcome, my bonnie lad! a richt' gude welcome here to the first foot frae our native shore. Ye moun hae something to remember the gude ship by." An' he slippit a gowd piece into his han'. "She's no a craft to be sure forgotten, as mony a lad will tell ye here."

'Twas plain there was mair than the usual gladness o' hamecomin' folk wi' bairn captain an' crew, for as he lookit round wi' a beamin' face, the gay lads tossed their caps in the air, an' gave three ringin' cheers—an' for the captain, ane for the ship, an' ane for the lucky first foot, for ye ken it's the dark-haired that aye carries luck.

"Enough—enough, my lads," the captain cried, laughin' merrily as he spake; "ye maunna crack yer voices ere ye gang on shore, or what will yer sweethearts say? They'll be thinkin' ye're no' the same lads that a few years back wiled their hearts awa' wi' yer singin' the sweet auld songs o' Scottish lassies luvie. For there's nane o' ye, my men, that can count sae mony years o' banishment as I," he added, wi' graver voice, liftin' his cap as he spake; "but God be thanked, hame's come at last! For twenty years I've wearied for this day; the verie day, the verie day," he murmured. "An' noo for the dream o' years—a mither's pardonin' kiss!" The dark stranger whispered sae softly to himself that nane could hear but the little lad.

The boat was manned—it swung below; the captain stood at the open gangway; when lo! frae the centre o' the town rang out o'er the waters a cry that curdled the blood to hear!—a cry as if o' some hounded beast, an' yet wi' a shrilly woman's tone—wild, wild wi' despair an' agony. A strange and awfu' cry—twas never heard again! a hush—then came a fierce, exultin' shout, hoarse voices terrible to hear, an' then, against the fair blue sky, blotting out a' brightness an' beauty, heavily, slowly rose a pillar o' lurid smoke, spreadin'—ay, spreadin' like a pall abune the town. An' there it clung, coilin' and wreathin' about like some phantom shape that wadna be shaken aff.

The wonderin' crew lookit the ane on the ither, an' then they lookit to the town.

Under his breath the captain spake; he asked o' the little lad could he tell them aught. What meant yon fearfu' cry, the savage shout, an' the hideous smoke, that lookit like a thing o' dread?

The puir boy trembled in every limb, an' ower his whitened cheek the hot tears ran like rain; three times he tried to speak, but nae sound came frae his lips. At last, wi' a shudder, he spake—his brow knitted, and his sma' hands clinched.

"Oh, that I were a mon! I wad hae quenched that fire wi' my bluid! I wad hae hurled back i' the cowards' throats their wicked lees! Shame on them for men! to lay their hands on a puir lane woman, withouten a friend on earth! bowed down wi' sorrow an' dule. Nae evil had she ever done; lanely and puir, she'd nane to care for, nane wha cared for her. Whyles I hae passed her house; she'd wile me in, an' then she'd stroke and kiss my hair; she said my locks were bonnie, an' that they minded her o' aye she hadna seen for mony years—she might see never mair!

"But oh, yestreen they seized her: her sma' white hands they binded fast wi' cruel ropes. I fought for her; I wad hae de'd for her; but, oh, I had nae strength—they thrust me aside, an' said I should be whippit for a fule-bairn, for daurin' to fecht against the law!"

The boy covered his face wi' his hands an' sobbit as if his heart wad break. But the stranger captain's face grew deathly white, an'

when he spoke his voice was changed an' broken.

"What wicked lees did they say o' her? and what—what was her name?"

The little lad was frightened at the tone, he lookit up, an' slowly said:

"They ca'd her a witch! but, sir, 'twas a wicked lee. Had oae strang arm been there to fecht for her, puir Grizel had nae de'd."

The stranger grippit the boy's arm as if his fingers had been o' iron; huskily he gasped out:

"What name, what name, my child? for pity, say what name?"

Quiverin' frae held to fit, the tall strang man bowed down his ear to the mouth o' the little lad.

A whisper came—but on the husht deck a' could hear—

It was his mither's name.

Bairns, I hae seen (God grant ye never may) a ship gae down in port. In a' her pride an' bravery wi' sails outspread an' gayly deckit out wi' flags, on, on she sallied richt gallantly—when on the instant a sound was heard unlike a' ither sounds—a' was despair an' death! An' unseem rock had struck her, she reeled an' foundered, bairns! She gaed down into the sea, a' standin'—masts, an' a' spreaded sails, an' flutrin' flags, an' a' the wealth o' joyous, livin' hearts within!

'Twas even sae wi' him; the stranger captain reeled at that ane whispered word. The cauld waves o' despair had suckt up the ane hope o' his life. He bowed down in his great agony, an' then he stood upright.

Catchin' the young lad in his arms, he strained him tenderly to his heart—wi' tremblin' lips he kissed the curly locks, where his mither's kiss had lain—then said, wi' a solemn tone:

"Gang hame, my bairn, and straight kneel down at yer livin' mither's knee, an' ask heaven's grace to make you aye her comfort an' her joy. Unto my dyn' day I'll pray for you, dear lad; God an' good angels be wi' you, for yer luvie to her that's gane! Fareweel, my little lad."

An' he catched frae aff his ain neck a chain, wi' a watch o' gowd, an' thrust them into the laddie's hands. An' then he turned to his crew, that wi' pityin' looks were standin' near.

"My faithfu' lads—I'm wae to think o' greivin' ony heart this day; but ye ken a'! The hope o' my hall life wrecked i' the hour, gaed down in port; ay, lads, gaed down in port.—Hame have I name—the land-breeze chokes me—I moun awa, awa whar nae landsman's voice can win. But as ye list, gang forward still—mony or few—we'll part gude friends—ye hae been faithfu' lads, and lika ane shall hae at partin' a double wage."

A minute passed—then swiftly, silently, but a' thegither, as if at the boatswain's ca', the brave lads ran to the capstan, an' ilka mon put his hand to the spokes, an' lookit round whar the captain stood.

A flush o' glad surprise lightened over his deathly cheek, an' sudden drops gleamed from his e'en, an' slowly rolled down his face. There was nae need o' words on either side; he bent his head wi' a touchin' grace to his leal an' generous crew.

Wi' nae ither sound than the rattlin' chain, and the steady tramp o' the men, the anchor was quickly weighed. The sorrowfu' boy gaed down alane the ship's side to his boat.

Like the flitterin' wings o' a startled bird, the white sails o' the vessel sune spread out; a' mair like a phantom ship she glided awa; still nae sound heard—but the wind e'erhead, an' the wash o' the waves below—while on the silent deck a strong mon paced, wrestlin' wi' his agony.

In his sma' boat, rockin' to an' frae, lang time, the lad gazed after the lessening ship, till, like a dark speck, it passed awa, an' niver mair was seen.

I hae tellt you a true tale, bairns—yon's the gowd watch an' chain that Robbie Jeffrey gied to the little lad—for Tam was my father, bairns.

## A STORY OF THE HEART.

STANDING on the broad flight of steps that led into the spacious garden beneath, were the new and youthful occupants, Henry Wilton and his fair bride. They were contemplating, with gladdened hearts, on the scene before them. Their eyes wandered with their thoughts across the varied landscape, until they came back simultaneously to the spot on which they were standing, and then they looked into each other's faces, with a smile of love. With his strong arm encircling the fairy form at his side, Henry Wilton stood, and inwardly praised the omnipotent God for His bounteous gifts, until, at last, his thoughts found expression in words, and he faintly asked a blessing on his bride. As his voice ceased she looked up into his face, and uttered a fervent "Amen."

In an instant his eyes were turned on her, and he smilingly said, "Why, Conny, what did I say?"

"What I was inwardly saying; our thoughts were alike, Harry, this time," she replied.

"May they ever be!" he exclaimed, lovingly embracing her; "our love will never have an end whilst our minds agree."

"Harry, I wish you would not give rise to such fears of the future; you always make me uneasy. What can put an end to our happiness while we are spared to each other?"

"Constance, I would not make you uneasy for all this wealth; I did but express a hope," he replied.

"A sorrowful hope to me," she faintly murmured.

"Hugh, Conny dear, or I shall say you are turning imagination into reality, for I shall soon grow miserable under such a lowering cloud."

"Let us dispel it, then, for I do not exactly care for its presence. See, Harry, those buds



springing from their parent stem—of what are they emblematic?"

"I can't say, dear," he said, after a moment's hesitation.

"Why, Harry, don't they remind you of ourselves?—do they not recall the past?"

"In what manner?" he asked.

"You are a bad logician, Harry. Why, I compare those buds to ourselves, the parent stem to our own dear departed parents. In the manner we cling to them for advice and support, those buds cling to that stem for support and nourishment. Now," she continued, snapping the buds from the bough, "can you define my meaning?"

"Not thoroughly," he replied, sadly.

"Well, then, I must tell you. First let me ask, of what good are these buds now?—what were we like when our parents died?"

"Well, firstly, Conny, those buds are comparatively worth nothing; but we, when we were afflicted, were not like these. Although we were almost demented, our spirits did revive, and now we are happy. Where is your similitude, Constance?"

"Will not these buds thrive apart from their parent stem?"

"No, Conny; in the space of an hour they will be faded and dead."

"Then, Harry, my similitude has vanished. I thought they would show that we could live without our parents, like they could."

"Ah, Constance, it was a sorry delusion; but never mind, you must find me a better one some day. But see! It is a quarter past seven; you must go to your dressing-room—mind and look your best."

"Ah, Harry, I never care to look very nice when Mr. Waldegrave is coming. I hate him worse every day."

"Constance, those ugly words disfigure your pretty mouth. Haste away, and never trouble about Waldegrave; you will learn to like him by-and-by."

"Never, Harry, never!" she laughingly exclaimed, as she hastened out of the room.

"She's awfully ill-disposed against poor Arthur," he mused within himself; "she cannot have heard of his fatal attachment to—?"

How was it that Henry ceased so suddenly in his musings? Why did he pace backward and forward across the room so rapidly? What inward passion caused his brow to beat so fearfully? Alas! that any secret should so early be hidden from his young bride.

But there must be a secret, or why should he be thus suddenly agitated. What can it be?—But stay! musings are fatal; we will not surmise until the darkness really comes. Time enough then for us to indulge in reveries that are fatal to our happiness, and to that of others.

Who can paint the glories of autumn, that season of beauty and loveliness? what pen can describe the scene that the varied landscape, or the dense wood affords at that time? The wide fields, yellow with waving corn, interspersed with gorgeous poppies, bid defiance to the artist's pencil, and so do the woods with their many tinted leaves. But the whistling, howling wind, as it bends down the stately trees, seems to tell us that the cold, dreary winter is coming, and that soon the scene before us will change, and with that change, many changes will come to us, as in all other seasons. The heart that was light and gay in the budding spring, is sordid and dull in the autumn; and as it strives to combat against the earthly trials, it seems a real semblance of autumn, with its fading, falling leaves, struggling against the approach of winter.

Wilton Hall has not changed; but, alas! its inmates have experienced heavy trials. On the same steps that Henry Wilton stood with his blushing happy bride, a short time ago, in the spring-time of the year, when their hearts accorded with the scene around, on those very same steps, alone and unprotected, stands Constance Wilton. At every fresh gust of wind she draws her shawl closer around her, and as she breathes, the monotonous silence of the earth is broken by a heavy sigh. But what brings her here? Ah! hers is a sad, sad tale: the cloud that was laughingly dispelled in the spring has returned with all its terrors; and Constance's similitude of the early buds has in Waldegrave was not a mere woman's whim—she had her reasons for it; but, alas! in vain, for her suspicions have been confirmed to the very letter. Lured away from his home, by the very object of her dislike, Henry Wilton has become one of that detestable class of men (if men they really are), a gambler. No longer a kind and affectionate husband, but a heartless, despicable wretch. Poor Constance is by him forgotten and uncared for; his last thought is of her now; and as the willow bends lower and lower into the glittering stream, even so he bends to the allurements of the gaming-table, with all its vice and debauchery.

It may be plainly seen that Constance loves him still—it is for him she is looking now, even now, when she can expect him to return little else than a madman; for with gaming comes intemperance, and she could unfold a fearful tale if she would.

At last she hears a sound of approaching footsteps; eagerly she bends forward to catch the first glimpse of him, the expected, nay, adored husband; as her eyes rest upon the muffled figure before her, she shrinks back with instinctive horror, for it is not Henry, but Arthur Waldegrave. Her first impulse was to return to the house, but on taking a second thought, she inquired for her husband.

"Has not Henry come?" she eagerly inquired.

"Let us go in, Mrs. Wilton, and I will tell you all," he replied in a hoarse and agitated voice.

"All?" she exclaimed, alarmed at his manner; "have you much to say? let it be told here—the situation is an appropriate one, I fear."

"Do not excite yourself," he said; "let us

hope it is all for the best, Mrs. Wilton; your husband is dead—he has fallen at the hands of an inveterate wretch."

"Dead! O God, be merciful! can this be true?" she exclaimed in a sepulchral voice. Then turning to Waldegrave she said, her eyes flashing with rage, "Wretch! this is your own doing; you are a murderer! where is he?"

"Madame, you cannot see him; it would do you no good; he will be brought here if you wish it."

He turned away, in an unconcerned manner, and Constance stood alone, a grieving, miserable widow. A few moments' thought, and she descended into the garden. With hasty steps she walked toward the lake, which was silvered by the light of the moon; there, for an instant, she knelt on the dewy grass in prayer to the Almighty; then she arose, gave one longing look at the home where she had once been happy, and then plunged into the deep waters, which closed over her; and Constance Wilton was gone to her last account!

Half an hour afterward her husband returned to his home, and went straight to his wife's room. She was missing; a search was at once made, and when at last the lake was dragged, to his inexpressible horror, the lifeless corpse of his wife was found!

Arthur Waldegrave had plotted the tale that had wrought so much misery; he had that night quarreled with Wilton, who had vowed, in his presence, never to approach the gaming-table; this so exasperated Waldegrave that, as a last means of revenge, he aimed a blow at his innocent wife; and by cleverly forging a tale of Henry Wilton's death he effected his purpose.

Three days afterward the disconsolate and bereaved husband set sail for foreign lands; but he never reached them, falling a victim to death whilst yet in sight of England.

The winter came, but no winter came for them: their love was nourished and cultured in the spring, but the chilly blasts of autumn shook the two leaves from the tree of life, and they fell one after the other, faded and dead.

#### The Cuban Expeditionists at Fort Lafayette.

THREE weeks ago we gave an account of the capture of a party of Cuban expeditionists on Long Island Sound, and an illustration of the quarters provided them on the U. S. receiving-ship Vermont, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. At that time it was claimed by Cuban officers that a large party of men were bivouacked on Gardiner's Island, in the Sound, awaiting means of transportation.

On Friday, July 16th, the U. S. revenue cutter Mahoning suddenly appeared at the island, and a party of fifty marines, preceded by three deputy marshals, landed and captured one hundred and twenty-three hungry, ragged Cuban patriots. They were quickly hustled on board the cutter, and in a short time were on their way to the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

On Saturday the prisoners were transferred to the blackened remains of Fort Lafayette. The men and their officers have been abundantly supplied with good Government rations, but their sleeping quarters are dirty and uncomfortable to the last degree. Some few occupy the casemates, but the majority prefer the open air, and spread their blankets out in the quadrangle, or campus, under the blue sky, where they can sleep in a pure atmosphere. They suffered on the first day of their confinement from the brutality of a young lieutenant placed for the time in command of them; but since then they have been treated well by all the officers. They are very grateful to Major McMurray, of the garrison, who has done everything in his power to mitigate the unpleasantness of their captivity; and of Captain Webster of the Mahoning, and the other officers of that vessel, they speak in the highest terms of praise.

All the Cuban prisoners confined at Fort Lafayette were released on giving their paroles of honor, by District Attorney Pierpont, on Friday, July 23d.

#### Gunboats Built in New York for the Spanish Government.

FOUR of the thirty gunboats now being constructed in this country for the Spanish Government have been launched, and are lying at the foot of Thirtieth street, North river, where they will receive their boilers and machinery from the Delamater Iron Works. These gunboats were contracted for by the Government of Spain with the Delamater firm, soon after the commencement of the revolution in Cuba, and are designed for coast and river duty.

The vessels are all of the same size and style, 105 feet long between perpendiculars, 22 feet beam, 8 feet deep, 170 tons register, and 5 feet 8 inches draught of water. They are constructed of the best ship stuff, are handsome models, and are to have powerful engines, with twin screws. The bulwarks are very low, and the decks are to be perfectly clear with the exception of the 100-pounder pivot gun on the bow, a couple of howitzers, the masts and steering apparatus, so that when the boats receive their machinery, armament, coal, men and supplies, they will lay so low in the water as to present very little surface to an enemy.

The engines of twenty-five are nearly ready for the boats. They are constructed on Mr. Ericsson's plan for twin screws, and are expected to propel the vessels at the rate of from eleven to twelve knots an hour. The vessels will all be launched by the middle of September, and by the 1st of January they will have their machinery and rigging and be ready for service.

#### The Tremont Street M. E. Church, Boston, Rev. George S. Hare, Pastor.

THE stylish church on Tremont street in Boston, in one of the handsomest portions of the city, and bearing the above name, was originally called the Heddington Church, and was commenced with meetings in a hall on Shawmut avenue, at the corner of Canton street, as long ago as 1848. In November of that year, or soon after, the society commenced to build a brick church near by, at the corner of South William street, which was finished and dedicated about the 30th of December, 1849. After an occupancy of thirteen years the edifice was sold in March, 1863, for \$10,000, and was converted into tenements. The name of the church was derived from Bishop Hedding.

Meanwhile steps had been taken for the erection of a new edifice, and Lucius A. Cutler, Pliny Nickerson, William Noble, and Charles W. Pierce, were chosen

a building committee. The ground selected was on Tremont street, at the corner of Concord, for the church, and by an additional purchase more was obtained on Worcester street, for a chapel, so that the entire lot is about 202 feet, and the average 100 feet in depth, extending from Concord to Worcester streets. The main audience-room is 73 feet by 66, and 32 feet high, with no side galleries, and seats 600 persons; while the chapel, beyond, is 65 feet by 36, and 28 feet high, and seats 600 persons; besides which it contains several class-rooms. The main tower rises at the centre of the Tremont street front, at the point where the front of the chapel touches the corner of the church, and is 22 feet square at the base, and 150 feet high. It contains a study and other apartments. The other tower is 100 feet high and 15 feet at the base. The whole structure is of rubble stone, and of Cumberland bay stone, in the plain Gothic style, from the design of Hammett Billings, architect. The church was dedicated January 1, 1862, and cost with its chapel, land, bell, and furniture, \$68,000. At this time (July 15, 1869) the land alone is worth more than that sum.

The present trustees are Messrs. B. Merrill, Charles W. Pierce, Alden Spear, Jacob Sleeper, Isaac Rich, Micah Dyer, Jr., John Gove, Pliny Nickerson, and Stephen G. Taylor.

The pastors of the society have been as follows: George W. Frost, 1848; Bradford K. Pierce, 1850-51; Thomas Street, 1851-52; Joseph Dennison, 1852-54; J. T. Pettie, 1854-56; Daniel Stead, 1856-58; Gershom F. Cox, 1858-59; Henry W. Warren, 1859-61; L. D. Ballows, 1861-63; William S. Studley, 1863-66; J. A. M. Chapman, 1866-69; George S. Hare, 1869.

The pastor, Rev. George S. Hare, was born in South Egremont, Berkshire County, Mass., November 21, 1824. He studied under private tutors, and finally was about fitting himself for the law, when at the age of twenty-one his conversion changed his purposes, and he commenced the study of theology with the Rev. S. M. Vail, D. D., at Sharon, Conn. He received the degree of A. M. from the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn., and of D. D., from the Northwestern University. His successive pastorates have been at the John Street Church, New York; at Washington Street, Poughkeepsie; at the Central Church, Seventh avenue, New York; at Trinity Church, Thirty-fourth street; at Trinity Church, Newbury; and at the Central Church, in New York again. The latter is one of the richest and finest of the Methodist churches in New York city. The New York Conference, at his departure this spring for Boston, passed, unanimously, resolutions, expressing regret at his leaving them, and commending him to the Eastern churches. His long and useful services in New York, and his connection with the first Methodist churches of the metropolis, have made him widely known, and he promises soon to become as great a favorite in Massachusetts. The fine photograph of Mr. Hare, and the picture of his church, in another column, were taken for us by John A. Whipple, of 294 Washington street, Boston.

#### President Grant Reviewing the Gray Reserves at Cape May, N. J.

THE United States steamer Tallapoosa arrived at Cape May, N. J., on Saturday July 17th, with President Grant and suite on board. After partaking of the hospitalities of the hotel, the President visited Camp Upton, where he reviewed the 1st Regiment Pennsylvania Militia (Gray Reserves). The troops received their old commander with cheers, and were highly pleased with the honor paid them by the President. In the evening the President and party attended the reception of the Reserves at Congress Hall.

#### THE LATE JOHN A. ROEBLING, C. E.

JOHN A. ROEBLING, regarded as the most talented and scientific engineer of the age, in that peculiar branch of the profession to which he had applied himself, died at the residence of his son in Brooklyn, E. D., on Thursday morning, July 23d. Several weeks ago, while superintending the work on the new suspension bridge across the East river, one of his feet was crushed, and amputation of the toes rendered necessary. Eight days after the operation was performed he was taken with lockjaw, which ultimately caused death.

Mr. Roebling was born on the 12th of June, 1806, in the city of Muhlhausen, in Thuringia, Prussia. His academical studies were pursued in his native city, and on their completion he was sent to the Royal Polytechnic School at Berlin, where he received the degree of Civil Engineer, after an unusually brilliant scholastic career. His degree from the Royal School required him to serve three years in the service of the State, and these he spent mostly in the superintendence of public works in Westphalia. Shortly after the close of this service he emigrated, at the age of twenty-five, to this country, and settled in Pittsburgh, Pa.

For some years he was employed in canal work, but in the meanwhile the age had advanced another step, and the old time canal was forced to give way to the new idea, the railroad. The State of Pennsylvania at this time projected several great railway enterprises, and in the service of that State the subject of this sketch spent three years, surveying and locating three lines across the Alleghany Mountains, from Harrisburg to Pittsburgh. Of these, the line which was ultimately constructed, is now known as the Pennsylvania Railway, and was built by the Company having that title, and not by the State. Having completed his surveys, Mr. Roebling commenced the manufacture of wire rope, producing the first of that fabric that was ever made in the country. The introduction of these ropes on the inclined planes of the old Portage Railroad, over which the canal boats of the Pennsylvania Canal were transported, was attended with much difficulty, and met with that degree of opposition which always has risen, and in all probability, always will rise to retard the progress of a new invention or a novel idea. From his experience in the manufacture of wire rope, Mr. Roebling formed his opinion relative to its adaptability for bridging, and in 1844 he commenced a work whose completion was destined to prove that his opinion was a tenable one, in spite of the scoffs and jeers of the incredulous, and the attacks of other civil engineers, who deemed the project the outgrowth of a diseased mind. This work was a suspension aqueduct over the Alleghany River at Pittsburgh, to replace the old aqueduct, which had become useless from age.

In 1848 Mr. Roebling commenced a series of suspension aqueducts on the line of the Delaware and Hudson Canal, connecting the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania with the tide water of the Hudson river. These were the Lackawaxen Aqueduct, two spans, 115 feet each, and two 7-inch cables; the Delaware Aqueduct, four spans, 134 feet each, and two 8-inch cables; the High Falls Aqueduct, one span, 145 feet, and two 8½-inch cables; and the Neversink Aqueduct, one span, 170 feet, and two 8½-inch cables.

They were completed within two years, and are all permanent works, needing merely an occasional renewal of the wooden ducts, which decay from the action of the water.

In 1851 Mr. Roebling undertook to build a suspension bridge across the Niagara, to connect the Central Railroad of New York and the Great Western Railway of Canada, and in four years succeeded in constructing the first suspension bridge capable of bearing the immense weight of railway locomotives and trains. The span of this bridge is 225 feet clear, and its supports are four 10-inch cables.

The last great work on which Mr. Roebling was engaged was the East River Bridge, a project more magnificent in its dimensions, and more important in its certain influence on the prosperity of the vast population in and near New York, than anything of the kind ever before undertaken in this country.

His remains were taken to Trenton, N. J., for interment.

#### SIFTINGS.

THE poet Longfellow is in Paris, "ovating." It comes from Capra that Garibaldi is dying.

THE official majority for Walker for Governor of Virginia is 18,262.

THE San Franciscans are building a new sugar-refinery. Capital, \$200,000.

YELLOW fever is reported as having appeared in New Orleans.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT is in California. He was at Chicago, July 22.

THEY are at their old work in Ireland—as assassinating sheriffs and constables.

RYAN and Currier, Cuban filibusters, have established their headquarters at Clifton, Canada.

A BRIDGE is in the course of construction to span the Missouri at Leavenworth.

THE Hotel Pelham in Boston, weighing 5,000 tons, and having walls nearly 100 feet high, is to be moved by iron rollers, a distance of fourteen feet.

THE corner-stone of a Jewish temple, the largest, when completed, in the world, was laid in Broad street, Philadelphia, on the 20th of July.

THE Police Commissioners are transferring the sergeants and roundsmen of the Metropolitan precincts.

A WOMAN died from hydrophobia in Harlem on the 20th of July. She had been bitten by a dog in the street.

THE Germans of New York want their language introduced as part of the studies in the public schools.

JOHN G. WHITTIER is in much better health than in usually his fortune during the hot weather months.

FEARS are entertained by the Chinese Government of another great rebellion. Active efforts are in progress to nip it in the bud, if it be possible.

FROM January 1 to May 10, the College of the city of New York expended for books and supplies, \$1,249; scientific apparatus, \$1,102; incidental expenses, \$1,539; salaries, \$3,202 92.

IT is calculated that the quantity of beer annually produced in Europe exceeds 1,300,000,000 gallons. Sufficient to replenish the largest of the Croton reservoirs in Central Park three times!

PROFESSOR S. F. B. MORSE, the inventor of the electric telegraph, recently met with a serious accident at his residence in Poughkeepsie. He fell violently, causing a compound fracture of the leg.

HENRY WARD BEECHER proposes spending the summer months at Peckskill, on the Hudson. He visits his Coliseum in Brooklyn semi-occasionally, when he prays.

"THEY met, 'twas in a crowd" at Saratoga, Thurlow Weed and Millard Fillmore. They smoked the calumet, buried the hatchet, and are friends—which they haven't been for years.

THERE are philanthropists going about who want to see Thurlow Weed, Horace Greeley and Wm. H. Seward come together and do political business for the future under the old firm, now.

THEY are badly off for unmarried women "out West." At Sioux City, Iowa, fifteen hundred of them are "wanted" immediately to serve in the double capacity of "wives and mothers."

THE Government has adopted a new paper for all obligations and other securities of the United States, one of the peculiarities of which is the introduction of colored silk, cotton and other fibrous material into its body in the process of manufacture.

THEY are talking in St. Louis of running steamships to this city, the ports in Mexico on the Gulf, to Rio Janeiro, and even to Liverpool. St. Louis is ambitious. It aims to be not only the capital but the metropolis of the continent.

A NEEDLE manufactory near Duerin on the Rhine exported to every quarter of the globe in the year 1868 no less than 340,000,000 of needles. These useful domestic articles were everywhere pronounced sew!

THE Pacific Railroad Companies have agreed to take fruit to New York at five cents per pound, greenbacks; also, to furnish emigrant trains at \$50 per passenger from New York, and \$35 from Chicago.

THE United States steamer Seminole has been ordered to find and capture the Haytian privateer Hero, which of late has been making quite free with American schooners sailing off the Haytian coast. She is spoken of as a rich prize.

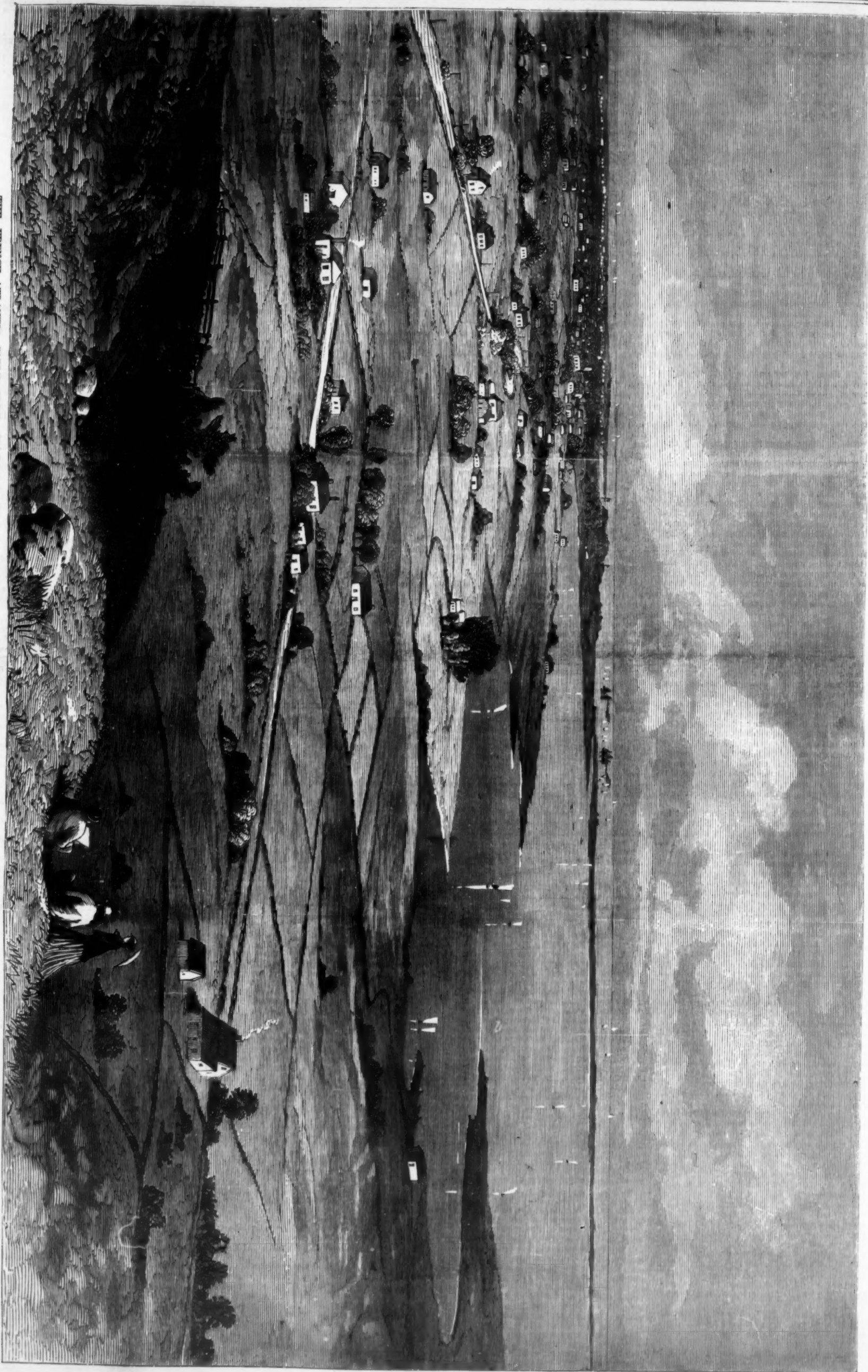
A NUMBER of friends of the "lost cause," who left the United States, disgusted at the fall of Jeff Davis's Confederacy, for Brazil, "where niggers are yet held in the patriarchal condition," returned the other day in the United States steam frigate Guerriere. They are now "satisfied."

IN illustration of the cosmopolitan character of the Boston Jubilee, it has been noted that the projector was an Irishman, the superintendent and constructor of the chorus a Frenchman, the chief director a German, the chief singer an Anglo-Italian, the chief violinist a Norwegian; the chief financier and all the rest of the things were pure Yankee.

SPAIN is in an active state of revolution. Carlism, Isabellism, Bourbonism and Republicans are preparing to rake up the last "argument" for the throne. With Cuba in revolt and the home provinces in insurrection, the descendants of the ancient inhabitants of Iberia are attempting to solve a tangled problem (more complex than was the Gordian knot of Alexander) with, alas, the sword.

THE Cuban war of liberty and independence is progressing, but slowly, however. Until the more temperate season sets in fighting will at best be desultory on both sides. The domestic trouble in which the mother country is involved may greatly assist the patriots, as it will be impossible for the Regent Serrano to hold an army in the disaffected provinces of the peninsula and keep up the supply of soldiers to fight in the no longer "faithful island" of the Caribbean Sea.





THE FRENCH ATLANTIC CABLE—VIEW OF THE TOWN OF DUXBURY, ON MASSACHUSETTS BAY, MASS., FROM CAPTAIN'S HILL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



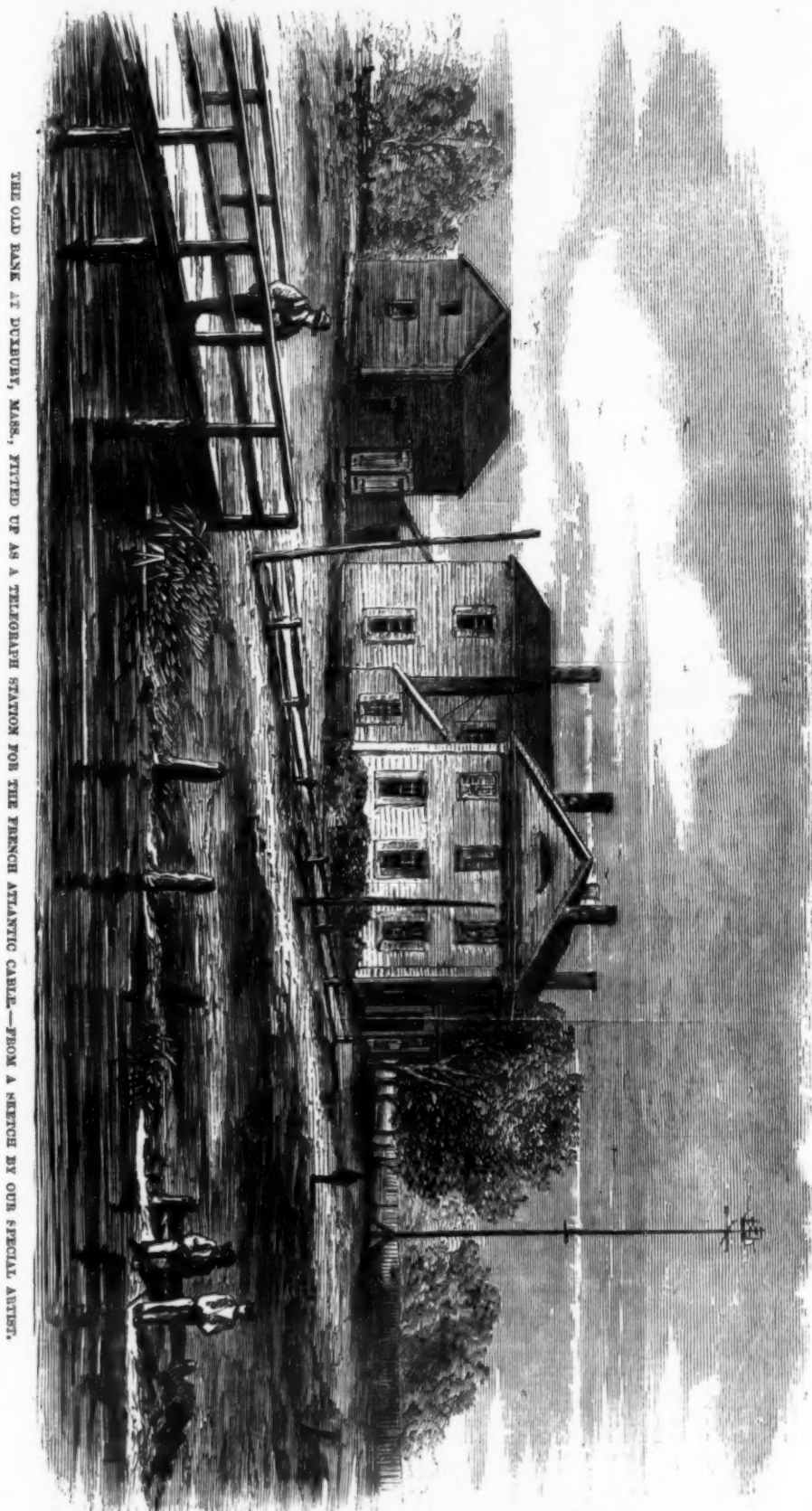
### THE FRENCH ATLANTIC CABLE.

Near the spot where, two centuries and a half ago, the Pilgrims disembarked from the Mayflower, the cable uniting France with America has been safely landed. The point selected for the terminus of the line from St. Pierre is at Rouse's Hummock, near the Gunnet Light, at the entrance of Plymouth harbor. The Hummock is a conical hill of forty acres, the highest point of which is fifty feet above the level of the sea. At about ten o'clock on the morning of the 23d July, the Chiltern and Scandarea were seen approaching the bay. It was on the 10th July that the Great Eastern reached the island of St. Pierre. The shore end from St. Pierre in the direction of Duxbury had been previously laid by the steamer William Currie. The services of the Great Eastern ended at St. Pierre, and her work was taken up by the steamers Scandarea and Chiltern, the Scandarea paying out all her line on the 23d, when the Chiltern made a splice, and came into Duxbury the next day with the American shore end of the successfully-laid Franco-American Telegraph Cable. Of the whole stretch of cable between here and Brest the Great Eastern paid out 8,448 tons, or 3,564 1-4 miles, the Scandarea 450 miles, and the Chiltern 158 miles. At five in the afternoon of the 23d everything was in readiness for landing the shore end. A couple of small boats were lashed together, and upon their top was erected a platform, and upon this was placed a coil of cable sufficient to reach the beach. These joined boats, with their cable coil, were then paddled slowly shoreward, and when they came to ground the jolly tars, with a round or two of nautical cheers, leaped overboard and with their united muscle hauled the balance of the cable up to dry land, connecting for the first time Europe with the United States directly by telegraphic wire.

A double wire and route of telegraph is in course of construction from Duxbury to Boston, and another line is being put up by the French Cable Company along the Old Colony and South Shore Railroad.

Duxbury, brought into world-wide notice

THE FRENCH ATLANTIC CABLE—THE CHILTERN AND SCANDAREA IN DUXBURY BAY—LANDING OF THE CABLE AT THE HUMMOCK, DUXBURY, MASS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE OLD BANK AT DUXBURY, MASS., FITTED UP AS A TELEGRAPH STATION FOR THE FRENCH ATLANTIC CABLE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

as the western terminus of the French Atlantic Cable, is a post village and township of Plymouth County, Mass., on Massachusetts Bay, 30 miles S. E. of Boston. It has a population of 2,679, the inhabitants being mostly engaged in commerce and fisheries, and until the war ruined the ship-building trade, doing an extensive business in that important branch of industry. In fact, before the outbreak of hostilities, Duxbury was looked upon as one of the most promising of the Cape towns, and that promise is now being renewed in view of its situation as the landing-point of the new cable.

The town has a very ancient and decayed appearance, the houses, scattered along the road for a distance of two miles, being generally very old and in a dilapidated condition. The inhabitants, however, are looking forward to better times, and already are talking of constructing a railroad to connect them more directly with the traveling and commercial world.

The building now being fitted up as a telegraph station was formerly used as a bank in Duxbury's more prosperous days. It is situated at the extreme end of the street. To this building the cable will be laid from the shore, and thence the line will follow the turnpike to Kingston, a distance of four miles, where it will connect with the main line of the principal cities.

Our view of Duxbury, from Captain's Hill, shows the spot where the shore end of the cable is landed, toward the middle of the long strip of land in the background. Another view brings the scene of the landing nearer into the foreground, and shows Rouse's Hummock, at the entrance of Plymouth harbor, with the Chiltern and Scandarea at anchor. Captain's Hill, from which the view of Duxbury is taken, is a high bluff, named after the stern old Puritan soldier, Captain Miles Standish. It overlooks Duxbury, Plymouth, and the surrounding country, and, associated with the scenes and the men of the first days of New England's history, it is an object of attraction to the many visitors assembled to be present at the landing of the cable.



## THE DEATH OF THE SEASONS.

Like a sweet dying child, the Spring  
Doth quickly decay;  
So peacefully from cheek and lip  
The faint flush dies away;  
And crown'd with snowdrops white, she lies,  
The smiles still hid in her soft eyes!

How fairly doth the Summer die!  
And o'er her bier are spread,  
Beneath a blue and cloudless sky,  
Her blossoms white and red;  
A maiden in her pride of bloom,  
Her roses crown her for her tomb.

Wrapp'd in a red and russet robe,  
And with his kingly crown—  
Old Autumn's gusty, falling breath,  
The sere leaf showers down;  
Till dying, like a miser old,  
He's buried with his piles of gold.

Then Winter's hoary, aged head,  
Lies with his kindred low,  
His sluggish pulses long have ebb'd,  
Full wearily and slow;  
The like life that in them lay,  
Fled at the Spring's first smile away.

ASKAROS KASSIS,  
THE COPT.

## A ROMANCE OF MODERN EGYPT.

BY EDWIN DE LEON,

LATE U. S. CONSUL-GENERAL IN EGYPT.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE LOST MESSENGER.

The Frenchwoman kept her word, and Edith, thanks to her, received no visit from Abbas during the day succeeding the second mission of the dove. She was told to feign illness, which she did, lying on the divan so that the Viceroy from his spying-place might see her when brought by the Frenchwoman, who—by cosmetics and other means—had given a deadly pallor to her cheeks, and every appearance of desperate illness. So Abbas, though he growled at the delay to which he was subjected in having his interview with the captive, had to admit its necessity.

It was with delight Edith heard later that he had gone out to drive; for it left her perfectly free from espionage, and she stood at the window, watching for her dove's return with mingled impatience and hope. She saw the carriage and cortège of the Viceroy disappear on the dusty road, which she knew by the direction of her dove's flight, led to Cairo. Along the same road she also saw come riding on their fleet dromedaries, two Bedouins of the desert, their long guns slung over their shoulders, and their white bournous fluttering in the wind, as their gaunt ungainly animals jerked along with the swift but peculiar motion produced by the movement of both legs on the same side in advance at once.

When the Bedouins approached the palace they relaxed their speed, and finally stopped for a short rest, to eat and smoke, before resuming their journey. So near were they and so still was the air, that Edith could distinctly hear the guttural sound of their voices. She was watching their movements with the interest of an unoccupied person with nothing to amuse her, when her attention was attracted by seeing them both rise suddenly, unslinging their long guns, and point to something that their keen eyes distinguished afar off, but which her unpracticed vision could not see. Straining her eyes in the same direction, however, she soon saw what appeared first a speck, then a dark object, gradually growing into shape and distinctness, as a bird swiftly winged its way straight toward the palace. She felt it was her dove, and flying so low as to be in easy range of the unerring marksmen who had seen and awaited its coming. A sick feeling crept into her heart at what seemed almost a fatality against her, mingled with affection for the faithful messenger that had nestled in her bosom, and was now her sole connecting link with the world beyond her prison.

Nearer came the bird; and watching still, with their bronze faces turned in that direction, their long guns ready, the flint hammers cocked, stood the expectant Bedouins.

Nearer still came the dove, as if to certain death; watching, as it seemed, the sky above it, not the earth beneath, for danger. The long-range guns of the Bedouins were already raised, when one of them, signing courteously to the other, resumed his seat and laid down his gun, as though leaving so small a game to his companion.

Edith breathed freer—there was one chance less against her bird—one was more apt to miss than two: so she watched and waited. The Bedouin had already raised his gun to his shoulder, his eye glancing along the barrel, when suddenly the bird wheeled back instead of darting forward; and, with a grunt of surprise, he lowered his weapon. Both he and Edith soon saw the reason. A desert hawk suddenly sailed from one of the pinnacles of the palace, where he had been watching for prey, and now pursued the bird he had sought to intercept.

Up into the air again, in wide circles, narrowing as they rose, mounted pursuer and pursued, until their flight brought them again just over the heads of the children of the desert, who watched the struggle with the same intentness, if not the same interest, as Edith.

The dove shot downward at last; and, as he did so, the hawk, from high in air, swooped straight down upon it. As he did so, Edith saw the Bedouin, who was still standing, raise his gun suddenly to his shoulder. Down came the hawk toward the dove, swift and straight as an arrow; but the gun flashed, his torn plumage floated on the air, and Edith saw with

joy that he was the mark at which the man had aimed with skill too deadly to err!

But she saw, too, with a sharp pang, that the intervention had come too late to save the thing she loved, and which bore beneath its wing tidings of life or death to her, which now she would never see. For though sorely wounded, the rapacious instinct of the bird of prey, coupled with the impulsion of his downward flight, drove him headlong against his cowering quarry. With a shudder she saw the cruel beak and talons strike her favorite—saw victor and victim dash heavily upon the sand together!

The Bedouin rushed to the spot where the birds had fallen, and stooped over them. She saw him pick up the hawk; and then, to her amazement, the dove feebly fluttered from the ground, and with wavering flight and unsteady wing slowly struggled upward. Neither of the Bedouins made any motion to arrest its flight, but left it to its fate, as though it had earned a reprieve from them by its recent escape.

Edith watched the unsteady flight of her pet with beating heart and bated breath. She feared it could never raise to the height of her window; and, leaning far out, caught it as it came, and smothered it with kisses, as though it had been a human friend. The dove, whose back and breast were dabbled with blood, and whose dim eye and laboring breath indicated failing strength, feebly pecked at the loved hand which caressed it; then a shudder shook its delicate frame, the eyes closed, the limbs stiffened, and Edith held in her hand a dead instead of a living friend. Faithful until the last, the bird had exerted the last flagging energies of life to fulfill its mission—had done that—and died!

As Edith, forgetting for a moment in her grief for this faithful friend to secure the letter it bore, bent over it, she heard a step behind her. Turning her tearful eyes, she saw the Frenchwoman, who, without ceremony, snatched at the ribbon which she tore from the dead bird's neck; and handing a note to Edith, said impatiently:

"This is no time for weeping over dead doves? Death, or deliverance may be in that answer!"

Recalled to herself by the harsh truth of these words, Edith read the answer, which she could not comprehend; but it seemed to satisfy her companion, who smiled grimly and said aloud, but as though to herself:

"I thought that would bring her! We must decide when she comes—for I do not see the way clearly."

Then she sunk into musing, and Edith was made too happy at hearing from her husband to heed her much. At length the old woman said:

"Listen! we have gained a day, and your messenger's loss matters little now. She I sent for comes, and we can get no other help outside. If she will, she can save you, and I think she will. Now let me put away the body of that bird, lest its presence here cause suspicion."

Although unwilling to part with the body of her favorite, Edith saw the force of these suggestions, and with a sad heart and many tears, kissing again and again the dead beak of the unconscious thing, she surrendered it to the woman's keeping.

A few hours later, while again gazing from the window, she saw the cortège of the Viceroy returning up the dusty road, then heard the noise of his arrival in the court below, and felt that her trials—suspended for a few brief hours—were now again actively to recommence. Soon after the Frenchwoman returned in an excited manner.

"What devil's news can he have heard in Cairo?" she said, more to herself than to Edith; "for he is in high good humor. She must find out when she comes. It means mischief!"

Another hour passed, and Edith, gazing listlessly toward the Calreine road, saw clouds of dust arising from it, as if a carriage were driven along at a furious pace. A moment after the vehicle emerged from it, and she knew it must contain a woman, for it was accompanied by a guard of black eunuchs, as well as a troop of cavalry—the guard of some royal personage. On it sped toward the palace, which it entered at the same headlong rate that it had come.

The Frenchwoman, peering over her shoulder, chuckled joyously.

"It is she! It is she! I must go to the mother's harem to watch my chance to speak to her. Rest tranquil, my child. He dare not disturb you while she is here!"

"But who is she?" asked Edith, curiously.

"My mistress, and your safety!" was the sole response; and the woman left the room, locking the door behind her, and left Edith alone, a prey to her own sad thoughts.

And there we, too, must leave her for the time.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.—"A LITTLE MORE THAN KIN AND LESS THAN KIND."

As the Frenchwoman reported, Abbas had returned from Cairo in high good humor, and very much exhilarated by something he had seen or heard during his visit.

He was sitting in his mother's apartment, taking his midday repast—prepared as usual by her hand—and chatting to her gayly, when the Princess Nezele was announced. The smile left the lips of the Viceroy, and his gaiety seemed suddenly dissipated at the mere mention of that name, which seemed to jar upon his nerves.

The next moment the princess swept into the room, and Abbas, as best he might, endeavored to smooth his clouded brow, and resume his interrupted flow of speech and spirits. The princess seemed to be in the most exuberant good humor, laughing, chatting and making herself so agreeable to the mother and son, whom she entertained by racy recitals of Calreine and Stamboul scandals, that the moody

brow of Abbas relaxed, and his good humor unconsciously returned. As Nezele declared her intention of dining there, the elder lady plead fatigue at last, and asked to be allowed her usual siesta. This, of course, was granted, Nezele declaring she would take hers also, after having had five minutes' more talk with her kinsman, whom she had not seen for so long a time; and the mother, fondly kissing the son's brow, retired to her repose.

No sooner had she left the room than a change came over the countenances of both Abbas and Nezele, each of them seeming like a wary athlete, who nerved himself for a struggle with a worthy antagonist. Abbas spoke first.

"To what do I owe the honor of this visit, Khanum?" he said. "For well I know thou hast not come here to talk gossip only, or to enjoy my mother's society, or mine, agreeable as that may be. Speak frankly, then, for between friends, such as we are, it saves time and misapprehension."

"Thy sagacity is not at fault, Highness," Nezele answered, calmly. "I have much to say, which it befits thee to listen to with an attentive ear. Truth seldom reaches crowned heads. Few can, and fewer dare tell it when unpalatable."

"Then thine is disagreeable?" said Abbas. "Speak on; I thank thee for the warning, and promise to be patient, for thou hast ever been a good friend to me. To thee I owe my throne, and through thy influence at Stamboul I hope to secure the succession of my son El Hami. We cannot quarrel."

"Firstly, then, as to what concerns thyself," said Nezele. "The affair of Askaros is a bad one from beginning to end, and may do thee harm both in Egypt and at Stamboul, as well as injure the succession of thy son. The Consul-General should be conciliated, not made an enemy by this new breach of faith I learned just before reaching Cairo."

"Thou hast heard, then, that I have again put him in safe-keeping," said Abbas, surprised. "Well, it is true. But thou dost not know that his protector has gone, and been replaced by that old dotard, his deputy, who is as a nose of wax between my fingers. So fear not on that account. I shall have no trouble, for Askaros hath only disappeared; no one can track him this time, for the accursed Nubian, who proved the abduction before, has been also imprisoned for some time in the citadel. He was hurt some time since in an affray."

"Yes, I know," answered Nezele, carelessly. "In the affray in which the wife was carried off. Come, Highness, let us be frank! Thou mayest deceive others, but not Nezele Khanum."

"I believe Sheltan himself could not!" growled Abbas; but he responded with a smile: "I believe you do know most things; but this is a guess, and a bad one too. I know nothing of that matter; however the tongues of Calreine gossips may malign their lord and master."

"Then, Highness," answered Nezele, with almost mocking quiet, "I must ask the immediate punishment of one of thy people, who hath not only had the audacity to abduct her, but to secrete her in this very palace! Nay," she added, stopping him by a gesture, "this I can prove to your Highness."

Abbas stared at her in blank amazement, and only said, shortly: "Produce the proof."

"Certainly. Behold it in her own handwriting, sent me by a carrier-dove she had with her when stolen away. The poor child knows me, and in her distress flattered me so far as to believe that I was still human, and might help her."

And so saying, narrowly watching the changing countenance of Abbas as he did so, Nezele handed Abbas the slip of paper bearing the words, "I am a prisoner at the Abbassieh."

The rest was torn away. "Where is the rest of the note thou hast torn away?" growled Abbas, as his brow grew black; "and how canst thou, or I, know that this is written by the wife of the dog Askaros?"

"Highness, thou must ask the dove for the rest of the paper, since that is all he brought me. The note is hers, I know; for the dove and the handwriting both are well-known to me. So thou seest it must be one of thy high officials, who hath committed this outrage upon her and upon thee."

"A truce to idle babble!" cried Abbas, fiercely. "Thou hast my secret; for Sheltan keeps none from thee, it seems! What is the woman to thee? that thou shouldst quarrel with thy best and almost thine only friend, about her, or her miserable husband! Ask any other grace in the power of Abbas Pasha to bestow, and it shall be fully granted thee. Even to my mother I would not grant this! I need both the man and the woman, and both will I keep! Ay, even though El Hami should never sit upon my throne, and though Sheltan himself should claim me, the moment my love and my revenge were both gratified together!"

"Urge me no more!" he added, savagely, as he saw the princess was about to speak; and his brow grew black as night, and his face purple with passion. "If thou hast removed one Viceroy from the throne of Egypt, in the person of that driveling old dotard men called 'the great'—thy father!—know that Abbas knows thee too well to take any draught from thy hand, or to trust himself in the power of one—woman in form, but a fiend in soul!"

As Abbas spoke these words in the frenzy of a fury which made him forget his habitual fear of the woman before him, in the hate raised by her attempt to thwart his avarice and his lust—the two ruling passions of his nature—his face was as the face of a fiend.

But the blood of Mehmet Ali—which flowed more purely through the veins of the woman than of the man—was insensible to fear. The wild-beast rage of Abbas excited only the withering contempt of Nezele, though her cheek grew lividly pale, and her eye flashed, at the insulting references to her father, and to her own imputed, though involuntary crime. She raised

her head loftily, and fixed on the savage beast before her a gaze, in which shone that steadfast light of human intelligence and courage, which can subdue the most bloodthirsty of the lower animals, when its fascination arrests their bloodshot eyes. The paleness of her cheek, the slight twitching of the corners of her mouth, and the dilation of her nostril, like that of a war-horse snuffing the battle, alone showed the smothered wrath glowing in her breast, at the insolence of Abbas.

He now walked the room like a tiger in its cage, chafing under the eye of its keeper—and striving to lash himself into fresh rage. When the woman spoke again, her voice was clear, calm and cold, devoid of passion or irritation, but too measured in its accents to be quite natural.

"Abbas Pasha!" she said, "are you mad? And has your frenzy for revenge on a wretched Copt man—your lust for his inglorious wife—led you so far from common reason, as to cause you to insult me?—me, whose hate you well know is as strong as my friendship!—me, to whom you owe so much! You well know there was never any love lost between you and me. We were necessary to each other—we are so still! But I brook not such treatment from living man; and unless you make ample apology for your words of insult, I shake the dust of your house from my feet forever, and you have made one enemy more—dangerous as all the others!"

"For the stars, that cannot lie, have revealed to me that thy destiny is in my hands. Our houses are linked together, since we both were born under the planet Saturn; but my place in his house controls thine! I have spoken."

When the princess commenced speaking, Abbas—as though heedless of her words—continued pacing up and down the chamber. Gradually he checked his steps as she went on, finally stopped, and, as she closed with that appeal to his superstition, the color fled from his face, and terror succeeded wrath. His eye quailed under the calm contemptuous gaze of the princess; but with as much dignity as he could summon to his aid, he said:

"Let there be peace, I pray, between me and thee, O Khanum! Pardon and forget the hasty words which should have been addressed to no woman; and least of all to thee, to whom I am indebted for so many past favors, and to whom I look forward for aid and counsel now! Ask any one thing but that thou hast demanded of me, and it is granted before it is named. And even that request I will seriously reflect upon also, and in it will do all I can to meet thy wishes. Art thou content, O heart and brain of man, under most winning guise of woman? And shall we be friends again for life and death?"

"Ay!" answered Nezele, with a winning smile, that showed all her sharp white teeth. And taking the hand he held out in amity, her small fingers closed on it like a vice. "Ay, Abbas, my kinsman, for life and death!"

"Why dost thou echo my words?" asked the Viceroy, anxiously, not half satisfied with the peculiar emphasis she laid upon them. "Can I make further atonement to thee for my folly?"

"Oh, no! I am quite satisfied with thee now," answered the Khanum, carelessly. But we cannot quarrel again for many months to come. For in truth the chief purpose of my visit to-day was to make my adieux, as I go to pass several months at Stamboul—perhaps to remain there permanently. I am tired of Egypt; and the gossips of the coffee-houses have made me unpopular here, with their slanders and vile stories."

The tidings seemed to give the Viceroy real pleasure, though he strove to repress its manifestation, and politely expressed his regret at the loss he should sustain, and his hopes of her speedy return. The reconciliation between the pair seemed complete; and when in the evening, at parting, Abbas placed upon her finger a costly ring of brilliants and rubies, the Khanum's manner showed she considered friendly relations as perfectly re-established.

As they parted at the door of the harem, the princess said, carelessly:

"Oh! as I had forgotten to say before, as I am going to Stamboul, I can let you have two charming young Mamelukes. They were lately sent me as a present from the Sultana, and would just suit you. Some time since you said you were in need of handsome boys; and you know you can depend upon my taste."

Abbas, who was again in high good humor, thanked her warmly for the gift, declaring he was much in want of two Mamelukes near his person, such as she described. Promising to send them to him by her Head Eunuch—and mentioning one was a Georgian and the other a Circassian—Nezele left her kinsman with mutual smiles; and their quarrel was apparently forgotten.

A crowd of officious female slaves accompanied her to the carriage-door, and assisted her in. As the door closed, she beckoned to one of them, whose veil was down, and whose whole appearance indicated great age—so bent, and bowed, and feeble, looked she, as she shuffled along.

Into this woman's ear the Khanum whispered these words:

"Thou hast done well to summon me. Watch and guard her still. This evening I send two auxiliaries; and when my signet ring is shown thee, prepare the draught! The rest, leave to me. The stars have not lied—the horoscope will be fulfilled, and the new moon comes after to-morrow!"

The old crone nodded her head in response, but said no word; and, as the carriage drove off, she tottered into the harem-door, and up the stairs that led to the apartments of the mother of Abbas. Arrived there, she threw off her cloak, and disclosed the features of the old Frenchwoman.

"What does she meditate?" she muttered. "She is a fearful woman! I think I know—but how will she do it? I would have done it for her, had she commanded. And so I told her when I revealed the plot against her life.



"Lucky I was to be hidden behind Abbas's divan, and overheard the plot against her life, as against that of Askaros. But she only laughed, and said, 'that was not woman's work; and that she could always find fit tools to do her work, so long as men were such fools.' Then she laughed again; but it was not a pleasant laugh to hear: and it boded ill to somebody. And then her parting words about the horoscope, and the waning moon! She means mischief! I doubt me she means mischief!"

And still muttering in this strain, the old Frenchwoman threw off the rest of the disguise, and sought the presence of Edith.

## WAS SHE MARRIED?—YES.— WHEN?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WAS IT A GHOST?"

### PART SECOND.

#### CHAPTER III.

In that white place, where the personages of this simple story had pitched their camp, the day broke over a snow-clad vale, where everything from shrub to wagon-top, from wagon-top to tree-top, was crowned and white. The place was as beautiful in its ermine as in its velvet, and the fires burned brightly, and beside them stood or lounged the guardians of the camp. No dog as yet gave evidence, by his bark or growl, that any but those to whom he was accustomed were in the neighborhood, and the Atwoods, in their well-lined, water-proof wagons, slept or gave no signs they slept not. There was light in the sky, and with light came that peculiar air that is noise, and is not noiseless. A butterfly's wing, then, seems to have sound as well as action. From behind a rock, just where the Ogden river, with its companions of the hills, dashed headlong through a chasm leading into the great valley of the Salt Lake, a single motion caught the eye of Davis, who ever since the light had dawned had been looking in the direction of his last night's interview, and as quickly did he answer it, by lifting his fur cap from his head with a sort of twirl that was significant to the person for whom it was intended. Frank laughed very pleasantly at something very droll that he saw walking through the snow, and making for a better ford higher up the stream, but he only had this subject of his pleasant laugh in sight for a few seconds, for suddenly it disappeared among the willows that clustered thick along the water-course, and the hunter threw more wood upon the fire, and consoled himself with the thought of a good breakfast, by-and-by, and after that a good snooze in one of the wagons—if nothing of importance intervened to prevent it.

And soon after that the whole encampment was astir, and sounds of clashing pots and pans gave indication of preparing breakfast, and then came the scent of coffee boiling in the open air, and ham, that traveler's perpetual and constant friend—as long as it lasts—frying spatteringly. Atwood, ever ready on such grand occasions, and with improved appetite, was bustling about, and Mary has put on her India-rubber boots, and is hurrying round to see that Mrs. Atwood's cook is attending to her *al fresco* kitchen. All is action among our particular acquaintances; and the others who belong to the different parties, and who interest us not, were pursuing happiness in similar preparations.

But what does the dog of one of the travelers mean by lifting his head and snuffing the air that blows from the upper region of the valley? There is something in the wind, or the keen-scented hound would turn his attention to odors dearer, and nearer home.

Frank Davis, who is knocking about like an experienced voyager, is the first to notice these symptoms of the dog's uneasiness. He has his own particular reasons for taking note of everything that occurs, and on this occasion a special one for stopping to watch the movements of the dog. Succeeding to the snuffing comes a low growl, and then a proclamatory cry, which announces to all concerned that something is coming, passing, or doing something somewhere in the vicinity of the encampment. The dog looked in a direction directly opposite the spot where the hunter had a short time previous seen a signal, and on that point he was at his ease.

The slightest excitement is a luxury to a rover like our hunter, and he enjoyed this little incident to himself, though he was on his guard against surprise from foes who might at that moment have been scented by the sagacious hound. Acting upon the chance that persons whose intents might be hostile were hovering about the encampment, he imparted that possibility to others probably more interested than himself in such a contingency. That done, he placed himself in a position to observe everything that might occur outside the limits of the camp. There were two other dogs attached to the party, and from their wagons they simultaneously assumed a vigilant attitude, determined to keep watch and ward, and warn of any peril that might threaten the safety of the body politic. The dogs and their masters were not kept long in suspense, for the objects that, though unseen, had attracted the quick animal instinct, were now perceptible in the distance. Through the clear atmosphere (the snow had long since stopped), several persons were observed bending their steps from a northern direction toward the camp. They might have been a quarter of a mile distant when first seen, and consequently it was not very long before they approached near enough to reward the scrutinizing gaze of Mr. Frank Davis and his friends.

The approaching party was composed of five men on foot. Foremost came a tall, strapping fellow, broad-shouldered, and sinister-looking. The others were a hard-looking set, all armed,

as was their stalwart leader, with long serviceable rifles. What else of weapons they might have about them, was carefully concealed beneath their long skirts. Cautiously, yet with a species of defiant bullying, they drew near, and their file leader—he may have been in all senses their leader, and it turned out that he was—stopped when he had reached our party, and looking at the hunter, asked:

"Is there a man named Atwood with you?"

Now, our friend Davis did not like the wolf-face of this uncouth stranger, and he was upon the point of giving him an answer not of the pleasantest character, when better counsels prevailed in his breast, and he replied with his usual frankness, that Mr. Atwood was one of the party.

"Has he any one with him, if I might be so bold to ask?—any women folks, or things of that kind?"

"Why, yes, he has some women folks, and things of that kind with him, mister; and may I be so bold as to ask if you have any women folks, or things of that nature with you? I should think not, and I don't think they'd like to travel along with you—at least my cousins would not."

The stranger eyed the hunter as if he was taking a French tailor's measure of him, and having done so, waited to see what color of cloth he would have his clothes made of.

Davis was about forty horse-power at that moment, with rotary motion thrown in, and no safety-valve attached, to use his own peculiar style of estimating his physical force when called upon around the camp-fire to do so, and no braggart either was our true-hearted hunter, but true to his word, almost to his smile, and entirely to his friends.

Surly words were muttered among the new arrivals, but common sense stepped in and pointed out the inequality of the opposing forces, and inability to contend with any chance of success against the gallant Frank and his comrades. Waving then all appearance of resentment, the leader asked if he could have a word with Mr. Atwood upon matters of importance.

"Why, the old gent is hurrying up his cakes, stranger, for breakfast, and is rather wolfish about the neck before he eats, but if you ain't afraid of him, why, you may follow me. Walk in, gents, and don't carry snow into the drawing-room."

Mr. Davis was not a man of wit, but he was a man of good-humor, as the reader will have observed, even before this last brilliant exhibition of his genius.

Directing their steps under the guidance of the hunter, the strangers proceeded in quest of Mr. Atwood.

It did not escape the hunter's notice how inquisitively each of the new-comers, but particularly the raw-boned, foul-faced chief, pryed into every nook and corner, or in words more appropriate, how they looked into every tent or wagon as they passed, not exactly as if they were noting things down as spies, but seeking for enemies. As they were passing by one of the tents, the entrance to which was entirely closed, the leader stopped, and was upon the point of drawing aside the curtain that closed the entrance, when the hunter, with as much courtesy as the case demanded, prevented the attempt, saying, "That isn't Mr. Atwood's quarters, stranger, and somebody might be sitting in the doorway inside, sharpening a bowie-knife."

The man turned away abruptly with a scowl upon his face, and spoke to one of his companions, of which our friend took especial note. At length they reached that part of the encampment appropriated to the Atwoods, and in the neighborhood of one of the wagons, the worthy chief of the clan was discovered very busily employed in giving directions for the preparation of his abundant breakfast.

"That's him," said the hunter, pointing to our old acquaintance.

"I know him," replied the new-comer, and he advanced, as if to speak to Mr. Atwood. That gentleman was not so occupied that he did not observe the approach of strangers, led on by his hunter, and when the tall leader was within a few yards of him, Mr. Atwood, with emotions of surprise and pleasure expressed in his face, exclaimed:

"The Dan—"

The stranger exchanged a rapid glance with Mr. Atwood, of quick and unmistakable meaning, and done so rapidly that no one but that gentleman could perceive it, and no one did, except the ever vigilant Davis, and the word was left unfinished, but was not misunderstood by the acute and experienced hunter. He filled up the blank, and knew now beyond a doubt that Brownlough, the Danite, was present. He gave one look toward the rock whence the signal had been waved to him in the early morning, and again within his own clear brain he indulged in a chuckle of exquisite delight. The scene was coming on.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"You are just in time for breakfast," said Mr. Atwood, extending his hand to Brownlough, for the hunter's guess was a correct one.

"Thank you, for after our jaunt it will not come amiss. But how comes it that you made no inquiries for me at Westport? There were no letters in Pillsbury's hands, either, at St. Louis, and so I thought you had given up your pleasure excursion; but as we were hunting a few days ago I heard news of a party, and from the description, I concluded that you were along. I am glad we have met, Atwood, after all. How are the rest of you?"

It was curious to mark the expression of Atwood's face as he listened to the Mormon. He knew the whole of what he said was false—certainly that part about Westport and Pillsbury—for the truth was, he had, in accordance with the understanding made previous to his quitting New York, inquired for the Danite by a name agreed upon, at Westport, and he had

written to Pillsbury, at St. Louis, asking to be informed of Brownlough's movements. But Brownlough had evaded pursuit by taking another alias and disguise at Westport, and Pillsbury had been cautioned to pretend entire ignorance of his whereabouts. Brownlough's fears had prompted him to this course as long as he was in danger of pursuit, and Atwood knew it, but determined to pursue a rôle of apparent credulity in the Mormon's statement. It was time now for him to be alarmed, and for Brownlough to throw aside his apprehension, for the latter stood where the law could not touch him, and the former where an appeal to it would be in vain. So Atwood shuffled out of a predicament in which a complexity of falsehoods might inevitably place him, and merely said that he was sorry any mistakes had happened on either side, but at all events he was glad to meet his old acquaintance, and glad, too, that he had a good breakfast to put before him and the gentlemen who were with him. At the word "gentlemen" brother Brownlough merely gave a shrug of his shoulders, and smiled in a peculiar manner to himself. Atwood could not smile, and he hated his guest with a strange and inexpressible hatred, mingled with fear. While the two worthies were in conversation apart from the rest, and totally out of earshot, Mr. Frank was not an uninterested spectator of the interview.

"Not that way," exclaimed Mr. Atwood, as the Danite was upon the point of walking toward a covered wagon that stood some little distance from the spot where they held their conversation in subdued tones; "but come with me, and we'll have a comfortable fire and a good set down in another place." And giving some directions to his man who enjoyed the high privilege of cooking his breakfast, they proceeded to a tent that served as a general rendezvous and dining-room for the males of Mr. Atwood's party.

But quick as Mr. Atwood was in arresting the advance of Brownlough to the forbidden wagon, he was not quick enough to prevent Brownlough's catching a glimpse of something at the aperture in the curtain that screened the interior of the vehicle. That something, however, did not give him any very elaborate opportunity to gratify his curiosity, for it disappeared upon the instant almost of his observing it. However, he saw enough to convince him that it was a very beautiful woman, and he felt convinced from Atwood's anxiety on the subject that it was his insubordinate wife. The lady inside did not fail, however, to observe, as she looked, with a blameless curiosity, through an opening, that while it served her the purpose of an observatory of things outside, reciprocated no inspection of those within, that the stranger who had just caught sight of her continued, notwithstanding Atwood's bustling manner and evident anxiety to get him into the dining-tent, to fix his eyes upon the wagon in a marked manner, and she could see he was taking a mental portrait of it, for nothing about it escaped his scrutiny. She remembered that look afterward, and had good cause to do so. But Brownlough had no idea that he was watched while he was watching.

It was not long before the new-comers and their host were seated at an abundant board, and well did those keen and barbaric appetites relish the rich coffee, the superb ham and fresh bread, and other condiments spread before them.

"When do you break up here?"

"The captain is going to issue orders to have everything in readiness to start at twelve o'clock, and in the meantime he is to overlook his wagon and fix up the breakage, as I suppose he wants to make a grand entry into the holy city."

"Then, I will send forward one of my men to acquaint the prophet of your approach, so that he may be prepared to receive you and your party as you merit. By-the-way, Atwood, who have you with you?"

"Well," he began, slowly checking off his fingers, "there's Mike Jackson, the steer tender: a good, honest fellow, too, is Mike, and he milks the cows—we've cows with us—and that's a great convenience, ain't it? and there's Job Arkway, half negro and half Indian, the cook for my mess; and Andrew Thompson—he takes care of the horses, and drives the provision wagon; and there's Hob Andrews, he drives the other wagon and—"

"D—n your wagons and half-breeds," interrupted his companion; "I don't want to know the names of all those he scamps, but tell me how many women have you in that wagon yonder?" And he pointed to the one that had peculiarly attracted his attention.

Again, poor Mr. Atwood looked as if he would discuss any other subject, but he was forced to the point by the emphatic manner of Brownlough.

"There's Mrs. Tenneson—" but the Mormon interrupted him with a rapid question:

"Who the deuce is Mrs. Tenneson?"

"My mother-in-law, Mrs. Atwood's mother. Didn't you know that before?"

Brownlough took off his cap, ran his knotty fingers deliberately through his tow-like remnant of hair, burst into a regular horse laugh, or devil laugh, and exclaimed:

"Why, she'll be sealed, man. What did you bring the old woman out here for?"

"Sealed to whom?" demanded Atwood, with a demi-comic expression in his face—"sealed to whom, I would like to know?"

"Why, to you, to be sure. You're in for it, horse, foot, and dragoons, and burnt brandy won't save you."

Brownlough, since Mrs. Tenneson's name was mentioned, spoke in a tone so loud that he could be heard by any persons that were in the wagons near him; and beyond question, the jocose Mr. Brownlough so intended he should be; and in truth his remarks had been heard, for a head, amply festooned with an ornamented night-cap, was seen to burst through the opening of a wagon, and eyes of exceeding wonder stared at the Mormon; but that sainted individ-

ual affected not to observe, and went on with the conversation.

"Well, go on with the rest, brother Atwood, and let's see who you have introduced into this pretty settlement."

Brownlough's manner was anything but pleasant to his gentle friend, and smacked strongly of the widely reported, wanton, and despotic habits of the Mormons.

"Well, there's my mother-in-law, Mrs. Atwood's mother; her name is—"

"You told me that before, and I told you how she was to be provided for. Do me the favor to go on with the rest of your little traveling museum?"

"Well, there's Mrs. Tenneson's maid; I forget her name; but she's a strong-minded and strong-limbed vixen, and I'll warrant there'll be no sealing her, Mr. Brownlough."

"Don't know about that. Strong wine is sealed as well as weak wine, Mr. Atwood."

"And there's a milliner, or some kind of a girl, Mary Williams—a nice, quiet little thing, who harms nobody—"

"And nobody's going to harm her either," said Brownlough. "Any more women?"

"There's Mrs. Atwood's servant-woman, who cooks for and attends her parlor, and answers the front door-bell when her friends visit her."

"Then let you and I call upon her, friend Atwood?"

"Rather early for a fashionable lady to be seen, friend Brownlough. I don't think that will do."

"Perhaps not now, brother Atwood, but some time hence, when you get your business fixed, and you settled down among us."

Atwood laughed heartily—at least he tried to laugh heartily at the idea of his turning from a Christian saint to a Saint in Utah, in which idea his mother-in-law figured in a very funny way; and Brownlough seemed to like the notion amazingly; and thus they continued to hold their delectable converse, walking along until they got entirely clear of all listeners, when the Mormon placed his hand upon Atwood's shoulder, and stopped him. He looked keenly into the eyes of his companion, as if he would read his inmost mind, and whether satisfied or not with his study, he gave no indication by word or gesture, but in a low hissing sound he uttered one name of terror into Atwood's ear. The latter started, as if a reptile had stung him with a mortal bite, and shouted rather than spoke, "Never, never!"

### A LAKE SUPERIOR LEGEND.

In the summer of 1864, while in the Lake Superior country, I took a notion, one day, to have a swim. So, donning a light bathing dress, I dropped into the water. The plunge almost took my breath away. I had anticipated coldness, but I had not anticipated such icy coldness as this. The Lake Superior Indians never bathe. The reason they assign is, that the water of the lake is never warm. A great many years ago the waters of the mighty lake were warm in the summer season. The Indians were the sole inhabitants of the land in those days. Manabozho was a great manitou (good spirit), and the Lake Superior tribes were his favorite children. But sometimes Manabozho used to put on his seven-league boots, and stride away over the mountains on a visit to his mighty brother of the setting sun. He had gone on such a journey one melting day in July, and the Indians lay in their forests, dreaming dreams about the fairy-land of the East.

There was a bad spirit who hated the Indians fiercely. This bad spirit was a monstrous snake. He was very much afraid of the good manitou, Manabozho, and when Manabozho was at home the bad spirit staid in his fiery lake, away back in the forest.

But now Manabozho was gone on a journey. So the bad spirit resolved to take advantage of his absence to destroy the tribes whom he hated. He had a large number of demons in his service, who were ready for any work he might set them. He dispatched an army of these demons to annihilate the Indians. For his part, he set himself to watch for Manabozho, in case that good manitou should return unexpectedly.

The Indians saw the army of demons coming, and, knowing that in the absence of their chief they were powerless to fight against them, they gathered their women and children together, and paddled away in their canoes across the lake. The demons could not swim, and had a great dislike to the water, and when they saw the Indians paddling away, they howled in their rage, and belched forth great clouds of flame and smoke. But as soon as the Indians had safely reached an island, a thick covering of ice suddenly overspread the lake, and the demons, yelling with joy, rushed upon it. When they were all safely upon the ice-bridge, it parted as suddenly as it had appeared, and became an ice-craft, and floated hither and thither. The demons were in great distress, being unable to go to either shore. And now the form of Manabozho rose to view. Manabozho understood the situation at once, and stretching out his mighty arm, larger than a pine tree, roared with a voice louder than thunder, "Sink, sink, and rise no more!" And the raft sunk, and the demons perished, and the Indians came back and worshiped Manabozho. And this is why the waters of Lake Superior are so cold.

ITALIAN INDOLENCE AND DECAY.—The pictorial idea of an Italian peasant's life is here represented; he is one of those happy idlers on the face of the earth who occupy themselves with the care of innocent sheep, lies out in the sun all day, basking on the ground, occasionally relieving the tedium of his existence by a gossiping flirtation with a woman of the same class. Here he lies recumbent nearly by one of those old fountains which the enterprise and prudence of his Roman progenitors, or the piety and taste of those of the middle ages, have left for his comfort in these days, when no Italian, as is said, takes the trouble to repair, still less to re-erect them. So they fall into decay from century to century; and the stream, which was conducted with such science and care to supply them, narrows its bed, gradually falls in volume, and, as is too often the case, ceases altogether to perform its service to man. The shepherd and goat-herdsman abandon the spot to keep to the borders of some shrunken stream; and the pleasant place of many a dance and rustic merry-making becomes silent, desolate and deserted. Joyful people never more gather round the ancient time-worn stones that have so often echoed back the sounds of jest and laughter. But for the happy climate, which dominates, and in some measure conquers, even decay itself, the glorious land of Italy would become as barren, empty, and hungry as that of Arabia, once as fertile and happy as it is now miserable and accursed. The cause of this may not be far to seek, but the result is no less certain than lamentable; effortless the Italians seem, except of violent and ill-regulated action.





THE CUBAN REVOLUTION—THE EXPEDITIONISTS CAPTURED AT GARDINER'S ISLAND, IMPRISONED IN THE RUINS OF FORT LAFAYETTE, NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 327.

### A Runaway Match in the Ural Mountains.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

ONE of the richest mineral regions in the world is in the Ural Mountains, which form a natural boundary between Europe and Northern Asia. It is less than three hundred years since the headman of a tribe of Cossacks on the river Don was obliged to leave his country for his country's good. He sought the Ural Mountains, and, after making himself disagreeable to the aboriginal inhabitants, he crossed beyond the dividing ridge and entered Asia. Yermak, as this headman was called, proved to be an energetic explorer, and made a thorough conquest of all the country he traveled over. Settlers followed rapidly in his footsteps, and before his death several towns and villages had sprung into existence along the headwaters of the streams that have their source in the Urals, and meander thence to the sea.

The newly-opened region proved rich in minerals, and so long ago as during the reign of Peter the Great the country was carefully surveyed. A grant of land was given to Paul Demidoff in return for some valuable discoveries, and the returns from this grant have proved so rich that the Demidoff estate ranks at the present time as one of the first, if it is not the first, in Russia. Mines of gold, silver, malachite, copper, and semi-precious stones have been opened there, and the return to the proprietors and to the Government is estimated at millions of dollars' worth every year. The precious metals are the least important of the treasures that come from these mines, as the value of the iron and copper taken out there every year greatly exceeds them. Nearly every reader of this article is familiar with the appearance of Russia sheet-iron, that is largely used in the manufacture of stoves and stovepipes in America. All of this iron comes from the Ural Mountains, and much of it from the Demidoff estate. No iron rolled in America possesses the peculiar toughness and polish of the Russian iron, and all the efforts of the manufacturers of Pennsylvania have not yet succeeded in equalling it. "Old Sable Iron" is very popular among English and American blacksmiths, though it is not so easily obtained now as it was twenty years ago. The bars of the best iron sent to market from the Ural Mountains were formerly stamped with the figure of a sable, which had a prominent place on the Siberian coat-of-arms, as the two-headed eagle has on the Russian one. Hence the name given to the Siberian iron.

From the point where the great road from Moscow to Siberia crosses the Ural Mountains one can travel a hundred miles either north or south along the chain, and find at frequent intervals prosperous mining towns and villages. One of these contains twenty-five thousand inhabitants, another twenty thousand, another

eighteen, and so on downward, until some may be found whose entire population numbers but a few hundreds. In former times many of the laborers in the mines and foundries were serfs belonging either to the Government or to the parties who owned the soil, and conducted the business of preparing the metals for market. The serf received a weekly allowance of meat and flour from his master, and a small pay-

ment in money. If the work did not please him, he was not allowed to leave it, but in some instances he was permitted to purchase a release, and set up for himself. The imperial ukase abolishing serfdom made these men free, and assigned them lands, which they could cultivate on their own account, and hold as their property until death carried them off, as it has carried off other freemen in all parts of

the world. One effect of emancipation was to increase the rates of labor, and, consequently, the price of Siberian iron is augmented, and competes less favorably with iron from other parts of the world.

The Demidoff estate carried with it a hereditary title of nobility. The elder Demidoff was named a count by Peter the Great, and his descendants in the male line have inherited his rank. The countesses of the Demidoff family have been considered desirable matches, as they possessed handsome figures, in a pecuniary sense, if not in a literal one. Most of them were united to members of other titled families in Russia, and led as happy and exemplary lives as Russians usually lead. As for the masculine Demidoffs, some of them have been rather fast in their habits, while others have been as orderly and subdued as the most fastidious Puritan could desire, with the exception of certain little vices that abound in Russia, and which nobody considers objectionable.

There are several other families in the Ural Mountains that would be considered remarkably wealthy were they not so completely overshadowed by the Demidoffs. Some of their estates cover thousands of acres, and before the emancipation they could enumerate their serfs by companies and battalions. Though less wealthy than they were before the emancipation, they are still in possession of handsome revenues, and pay large taxes annually to the crown.

I heard in Russia a story concerning one of these families, in which there is a great deal of the romantic mixed up with practical common sense. The family prided itself, as most of the old families do in Russia, on the titles and wealth it possessed, especially the former. With many Russians a title is of more consequence than a rich estate; the possessor of hereditary rank would be very unwilling to drop it, even though in doing so he might fill his empty purse and be put in condition to enjoy the comforts and luxuries of life. Every person that can do so bears a title, and there are many individuals calling themselves counts or princes who are poorer than many of the peasant class, upon whom they look with disdain.

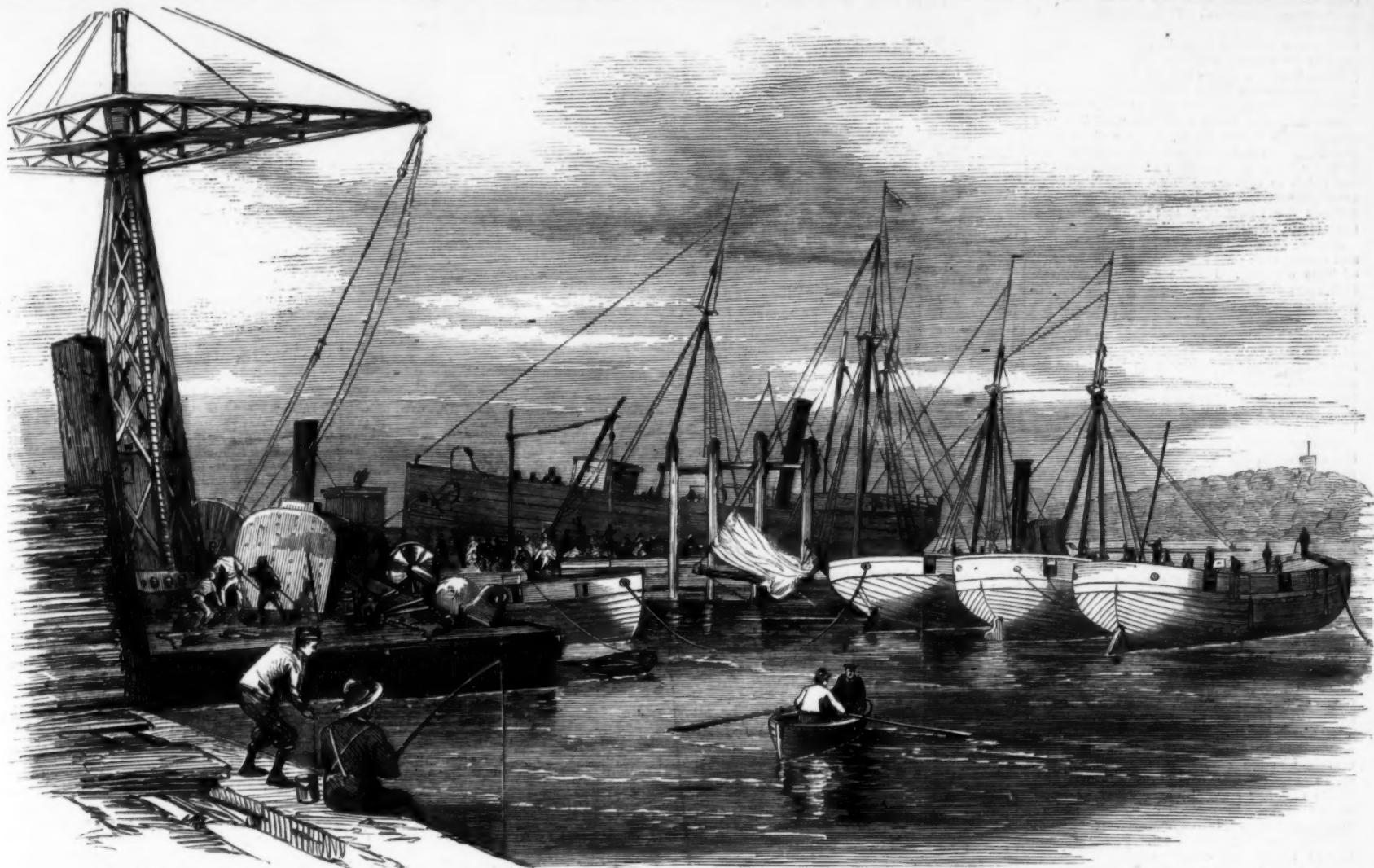
Of course a family like the Wymanoffs—the one referred to in the preceding paragraph—with its pride of rank and antiquity, could not fail to possess the highest notions of aristocratic importance. The sons and daughters were carefully educated, and taught to believe that outside of the imperial family they had no superiors. As they grew up and assumed their positions in society, became heads of families, and dispensed liberal hospitality, they taught their children the lessons themselves had received. "I am a Russian nobleman," was among the first phrases which a son of the Wymanoffs learned to speak, and he never allowed it to escape from his memory.

The daughters married as befit their rank, all save one, and she is the heroine of the story.



THE LATE JOHN A. BOEHLING, C. E.—SEE PAGE 327.





THE CUBAN REVOLUTION—GUNBOATS BUILT IN NEW YORK FOR THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT, LYING AT THE FOOT OF 13TH STREET, NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 327.

For Marie Wymaneff, educated with all the care her parents could bestow, loved below her rank and station. In her father's house-



REV. GEORGE S. HARE.—SEE PAGE 327.

hold there was a poor tutor appointed to look after her younger brother, and teach him the

mysteries of the Latin, Greek and German tongues. This tutor was a native of Lithuania, one of the German provinces of Russia, and had obtained his education in the famous school at Dorpat. Graduating with honors, but with an empty purse, he went to Moscow, and afterward to Kazan, where he learned that a tutor was wanted in the Wymaneff family. Through the influence of one of the professors in the college of Kazan, he obtained the situation.

There is no country in Western Europe where tutors and governesses are treated with as much consideration as in Russia. They are made members of the families where they live, and enjoy all the privileges of the home circle. Beyond the time they devote to the instruction of the young people in their charge, they are quite free from dictation, and their company is generally sought and prized by the intelligent men and women around them. The governesses frequently accompany the young ladies in their evening parties, and are treated in all respects as equals. Especially is this the case in Siberia, where the barriers of society are less marked than in European Russia, and the tendency to democratic equality is so strong as to rouse the fears of some of the old school Russians.

Carl Neustein attracted the attention of Marie Wymaneff before he had been a fortnight installed in his new position. She had met very few men besides her father and brothers, as the family lived at some distance from any other, and made and received visits at rare intervals. What wonder, then, that she thought the handsome young German, whose learning

was great and conversation agreeable, the most charming and noble of his sex? If it was not a case of love at first sight, it was very near it, and Marie embraced every opportunity to be in the presence of her idol, and to listen to the words that fell from his lips.

Her affection was returned, but Carl was not slow to perceive that the consent of her parents could never be obtained to their marriage. So he told her, but she would not listen to his objections. He wished to abandon his engagement and seek a home elsewhere, in order that she might forget him, but she peremptorily forbade his taking any step in that direction, and ordered him to remain where he was. Of course he was not very obstinate when commanded by the woman he loved, and who loved him in return.

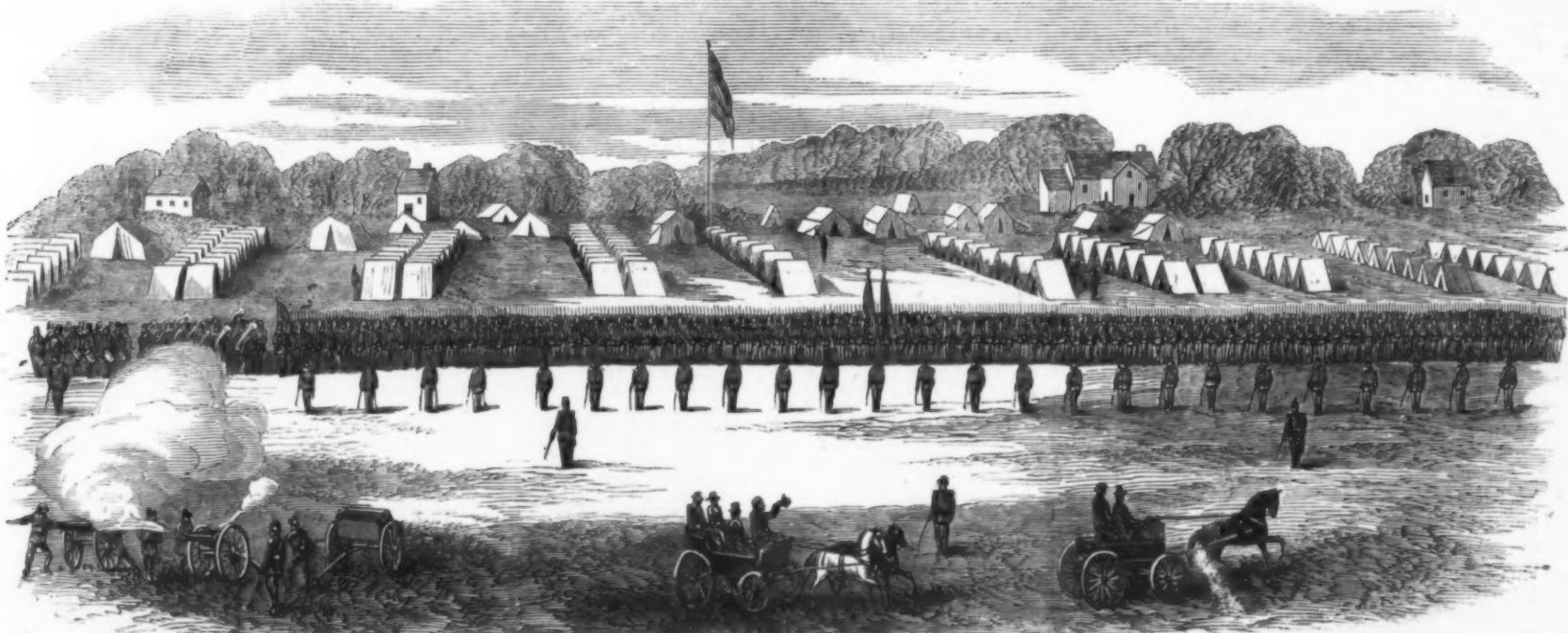
Weeks and months wore away. Carl attended to his duties of tutor, and was liked by every member of the family where he lived. Marie busied herself with the usual occupation of a Russian girl of noble blood, which includes a great deal of French and Russian novel-reading, and a fair amount of indolence. She had abundance of time to think of her affection, and the more she thought of it, the more intense it became. The course of true love run smooth enough during all these months, the young people being much in each other's society, though very rarely without the presence of others. It is not the custom in Russia to leave two young persons of opposite sex together by themselves, and consequently there is far less of billing and cooing than in England or America.

One day Marie was called to her mother's side to learn that her hand had been asked by a young nobleman of excellent family, who lived



TREMONT STREET M. E. CHURCH, BOSTON, MASS., REV. GEORGE S. HARE, PASTOR.—SEE PAGE 327.

at Ekaterinburg, and had made occasional visits to the Wymaneffs. Proposals for marriage in Russia are made through friends of the



THE VISIT OF PRESIDENT GRANT TO THE CAMP OF THE 1ST REGT. PENNSYLVANIA MILITIA (GRAY RESERVES), AT CAPE MAY, NEW JERSEY, JULY 17TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY FRANK H. TAYLOR, CO. E.—SEE PAGE 327.



contracting parties, and not by the persons most deeply interested. Thus, if Paul becomes enamored of Lydia, he sends a masculine married friend to open negotiations with Lydia's parents or nearest friends. The matter is arranged between them, and all that the marrying ones can do is to manifest their likes or dislikes through the medium of their friends. Occasionally the latter conclude that it is not best for the match to be made, and so they manufacture a story, which is told to each client, that the other party is very obstinate, and will not listen to reason. Many a Russian girl has been proposed for and the proposal rejected, without her knowing that the affair has ever been made.

Marie's parents were favorable to the match, and consequently her reluctance was considered of little moment. Despite her tears, they settled upon the terms of the marriage, and appointed a day for the betrothal. In Russia the betrothal is an important ceremonial. It takes place in the presence of the family and friends of both parties, a priest assists, and when it is completed, it is very difficult to break the engagement. Marie knew that when once betrothed, she could have no hope of marrying Carl, save by breaking an obligation almost as binding as that of the church itself.

Two or three weeks before the day fixed for the ceremony, she accompanied her brother to Ekaterinburg to make a few purchases and visit some friends. One of the family servants went with them, and as Marie's brother spent much time in carousals with some old acquaintances, the girl was generally in charge of the servant.

One day she told her brother that she would go to visit a relative a few miles from town, and would probably spend a couple of nights there. He was glad enough to be rid of his charge, as it gave him opportunity to enjoy himself at cards and champagne. It was not until the third morning that he thought of looking for Marie, and drove to the relative's house. She had not been there, and no trace could be found of her whereabouts. They applied to the postmaster to ascertain if she had visited the station, but he could not give them any information. Road-passes had been issued to several travelers in the past four days, and to half a dozen parties answering the description of Marie and her servant-man. As these parties were traveling in various directions, and the fugitives had three days' start, it was not deemed wise to pursue them. The brother returned home, and carried unwelcome tidings which caused the betrothal and marriage to be indefinitely postponed.

No one suspected that Carl had anything to do with the disappearance of Marie. He held his place as usual, but a few months after this incident he received a letter, summoning him to return home on account of the death of his father. He went away under a promise to come back again, and to inform them if he should happen to encounter or hear of Marie or Ivan in his journey.

Of course he did hear of them, and somehow on reaching Moscow he found them domiciled in the house of a relative of Ivan's, who had given up her best room to Marie, and was treating her with all consideration due her rank. He was not at all surprised to find that his father's death would not call him home immediately, inasmuch as the old gentleman had been carried to the churchyard about fifteen years before, leaving his affairs in a sad condition. A marriage was speedily arranged, though with some difficulty, and the loving couple became husband and wife. One obstacle to the marriage was the necessity for Carl to embrace the Greek Church, and renounce his own. He disliked to do this, but as the rule was imperative he could do no otherwise, and his love was triumphant over all things else.

With the friends and the money which Marie brought away at the time of her flight, the young couple had enough to support them for some time. Carl kept his promise to inform the Wymanoffs that he had found Marie. He told them of the marriage, but prudently kept their residence a secret. The father, mother, brothers, and all other relatives of Marie were indignant, and Carl received a letter, announcing that neither of the twain would ever be forgiven. They had expected this, and before the letter came Carl had found employment as tutor in a private family, and was able with what Marie possessed to support himself and wife in comfort.

So they lived year after year till ten years had passed away. At length Carl attracted the attention of the emperor by a valuable paper he prepared on the resources and capabilities of Russia. The paper was so important that the emperor honored him with a patent of nobility, and gave him other marks of distinction. The order conferring the patent was published in the official journals, and naturally enough a copy reached the hands of Marie's father, and was read aloud in the household. Not long after this Carl received a letter that was evidently written with a trembling hand, and contained but a few lines. It ran as follows:

"My son-in-law is a noble, and has been honored of his emperor. Marie may return, and bring her husband, the Count Neustein."

Rapidly they hastened to their old home in the Urals, where they found forgiveness for their runaway match.

**THE MICROGRAPHIC ART.**—Artists do not know whom to place on a par for skill in the art of micrography, or miniature writing, with Peter Paes, who flourished some three centuries since. Hadrian Junius considered it no less than a miraculous operation for some person to have written the Creed and the beginning of Saint John's Gospel within the compass of a farthing; but Baies wrote the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, Decalogue, with two short prayers in Latin, his name, motto, day of the month, year of our Lord, and reign of the queen, within the circle of a single penny. This was presented to Elizabeth at Hampton Court, encased in a ring with borders of gold, and covered with a crystal.

### EGYPTIAN SERENADE.

SING again the song you sung  
When we were together young—  
When there were but you and I  
Underneath the summer sky.

Sing the song, and o'er and o'er,  
Though I know that never more  
Will it seem the song you sung  
When we were together young.

### THE ASTROLOGER.

THE pealing clangor of many bells—the tapestry and fine carpeting suspended from window and balcony, the streets crowded with citizens in their gayest apparel—all betokened a grand festival-day in the ancient city of Liege, in the earlier part of the seventeenth century. It was so. One of the frequently-recurring quarrels between Ferdinand of Bavaria, the prince-bishop, and his turbulent subjects, the burghers, had been happily adjusted, and, in honor of the reconciliation, the magnates of Liege were about to proceed in grand array through the city, and finish by attending a solemn high mass in the cathedral of St. Lambert.

On the elevated portico of a public building, so as to have a good view of the procession, stood two young men of gentlemanly appearance. One, whose ambitious spirit gleamed through a frank and open countenance, was a citizen of Liege, of considerable wealth and good family, named William Beekman. The other, whose mild and amiable features seemed to conceal a lurking poetic fervor, was the painter Gerard Dow, then just returned from the classic shores of Italy, where he had been studying art with all the ardor of an enthusiast. Beekman had promised his companion that, as the procession passed, he would point out his affianced bride, Catherine Ardsine, whom in a few days he was to marry. Accordingly, when the banners of St. Bartholomew's defiled along the narrow street, he, by a glance of his eye, indicated to the artist a young lady remarkable for her modest grace and beauty. As long as she remained in sight Dow could not withdraw his eyes from the lovely apparition, and, when lost to view in the moving crowd, he felt how he could have loved her, had she not been the betrothed of his friend. Immersed in thought, he saw no more of the pageant till roused by Beekman, saying, "Come, we must follow close after the procession, or we shall not be able to obtain a place in the cathedral." Entering that sacred edifice, the young men joined in the ceremonies of their religion, and after the parting benediction had been given, they still lingered in the lofty aisle, to avoid the pressure of the dispersing assemblage. Dow, lost in reverie, was endeavoring to re-establish the serenity of his mind, which the sight of the fair Catherine had so rudely disturbed. Beekman, joyous in hope and good fortune, not observing his companion's absence of mind, abruptly said: "Is she not a beautiful girl?"

"Charming; and she loves you?" inquired Dow.

"Very much indeed."  
"What is her family?"  
"Very honorable: but she, being an orphan, has only an uncle, who brought her up, an old canon of St. Bartholomew's."  
"Has she a fortune?"  
"But little; that, however, does not signify, her fortune is to come. That is what so particularly attaches me to Catherine. Her uncle, the canon, is a famous astrologer: you saw him in the procession—the tall old man, with gray hair and ruddy countenance, round whom the people pressed with reverence and affection. Well, he has foretold great things for the husband of his niece; and who knows? for so far all his predictions have proved correct. He warns the poor of tempests and change of weather; that is the reason why they revere him so."

"Between ourselves, then, if it is a fair question, what has he predicted?"

"Well, my dear Gerard, I may tell you the secret. He has read in the stars that the man whom his niece espouses will rise to high station; for her horoscope foretells that the happiest period of her life will be when her husband is raised by his fellow-citizens above themselves."

This mysterious vaticination of astrology threw Dow into another reverie, from which he was again startled by his friend exclaiming:

"Let us proceed to my house and clear our dress from the dust of the procession; then I will introduce you to the fair Catherine and the good canon, her uncle."

"Willingly."  
"Are you," rejoined Beekman, "a Grumbler or a Swallow-tail?"

The artist, surprised, repeated the words grumbler and swallow-tail, which were quite new to him; the other, perceiving his perplexity, explained that those were then the slang terms for the two rival factions into which the citizens of Liege were divided. The dandies of the aristocracy who adhered to the prince-bishop, wearing a new Parisian dress, were, from its peculiar cut, named Swallow-tails; the other, and larger party, to which Beekman belonged, and which advocated the rights of the people, wore the old national costume, and were termed Grumblers. Gerard, after receiving this enlightenment, said:

"As for myself, I am a painter."  
"Right," replied Beekman. "Your Roman costume cannot displease any one."

The two friends passed into Beekman's house, from whence, after reading their dress, they sallied forth on their way to the dwelling of the learned canon. On arriving there Catherine herself opened the door, and received the visitors with artless grace.

"I present you," said Beekman, "a pupil of the renowned Rembrandt, a Roman, or, I should say rather, a native of Liege, just returned

from Rome, who excels in portraits, and will be happy to paint yours."

The young girl blushed, while Dow felt very awkward and ill at ease.

"Can we see your uncle?" continued Beekman. "I wish to make my friend known to him."

"He is fatigued," said Catherine. "He spent nearly all last night on the tower of St. Bartholomew's observing the heavenly bodies; but you know he always likes to see you. He is in his study with a friend."

Saying those words, Catherine opened a door which led into a large apartment, but in which there was scarcely room to move, it was so blocked up with spheres, astrolabes, quadrants, compasses, and other astronomical and mathematical instruments, while the seats and floor were littered with books and manuscripts. Dow on entering this room perceived a gentleman about sixty years of age, whose countenance wore a peculiar expression of mingled genius and benevolence, and whom Beekman thus addressed:

"Ah! my respected father, how does your Centuries progress?"

"I am still busy with the last volume, my son, and am more convinced than ever of the advantage to be gained by us moderns from the study of ancient history."

Gerard did not recognize in the last speaker the canon he had seen in the procession. In fact, he was the canon's friend that Catherine had just spoken of, the celebrated Luriet de Chokier, who, if his historical works be forgotten, is still remembered in Liege by his hospitals and other charitable foundations. In the meantime an older man, holding in his hand a scroll covered with hieroglyphics, emerged from the embrasure of a window, where he had been concealed by a pile of ponderous folios. He was the uncle of Catherine, the renowned Matthew Laensberg, canon of St. Bartholomew's, professor of philosophy, mathematics, and astrology.

"Thanks, my brave William," he exclaimed, taking hold of Beekman's hand; "you have brought me an artist, a great painter; he must be one of our friends."

"Did I not tell you," said Beekman, turning to Dow, "that he was a wizard? of the good kind, though; he has no dealings with Satan. But see how he divines."

The painter, not a little surprised, saluted the old man.

"When do you publish your almanac?" said Beekman.

"Not yet," replied the astrologer; "I wish to live in peace, and the physicians annoy me already, because, as they say, I infringe on their exclusive right of being the medical advisers of the people."

"But," said Beekman, "so few can read, your almanac will only be useful to the higher classes."

"Not so, my son. There are few but understand numerals; and here," showing a specimen sheet, "is the mode I intend to convey information to the illiterate by means of emblems. Thus, when it is the fortunate time to plow, I have inserted a representation of that useful implement of husbandry; here a pair of scissors, when the stars are favorable for haircutting; there a lancet shows the desirable period for blood-letting."

The conversation then became general. The intelligent and eloquent artist, fresh from the eternal city, was, in those days of limited travel, a great acquisition to the canon's circle. While he spoke of Italy as the land of art, Laensberg claimed it, through Galileo and others, as the birthplace of science. Dow left the house delighted and astonished with the uncle, and, in spite of all his efforts, captivated by the niece.

Two days before the marriage of Catherine, whether she commenced to doubt the sincerity of the sentiment she entertained for her betrothed, or for any other reason, she demanded earnestly from her uncle that he would reveal to her the horoscope of her husband.

"I do not know it, my child," said the good canon; "I have never cast it. Life has enough of disquietudes without our seeking to know too much. Everything will happen as God ordains. It is sufficient for you to know that Beekman is a worthy, honorable man—a little too ambitious, perhaps; but as I have often told you, it is your lot to have a husband who will be raised to a high station."

The marriage of Catherine and Beekman was celebrated with great splendor. Dow, who was present, astonished his friends by announcing his departure on the following day. He felt that absence was the only means of stifling the unhappy passion he so unwillingly conceived for Catherine. Accordingly, the day after the wedding he set out toward Germany.

The history of Liege for several centuries is merely a succession of insurrections for freedom, power, and sometimes—in strict historical truth—for license, against a series of tyrannical and narrow-minded rulers. One of the most incompetent of the prince-bishops who so long misgoverned that city, was Ferdinand of Bavaria; consequently, no period could have been more favorable to the ambitious aspirations of Beekman, who by his wealth, energy, and abilities, soon made himself the principal leader of the party of the people termed the Grumblers. The folly of the prince-bishop gave him his first advancement. A tax was laid upon meat. The butchers declared that if any attempt were made to levy this obnoxious impost, they would, like Adolphus Waldeck, cut and sell their meat sword in hand. At this very crisis a burgo-mastership became vacant, and the guilds, carried away by the popular furor, elected Beekman to that office, although it had always been previously filled by a much older man. This was the first step toward the fulfillment of his wife's horoscope. The prince-bishop, enraged at this election, demanded it should be canceled; the guilds refused, and the bishop, maddened by their refusal, committed a still grosser act of folly. On the next morning, when the cathedral of St. Lambert was opened, the officiating

priest found a sealed paper on the high altar. Summoning the burgo-masters, he opened and read it at the church door; it proved to be a sentence of excommunication, launched by the prince-bishop, placing the whole city in *interdict*. Beekman seized the paper, and mounting on a bench, read it to the assembled populace. Having concluded, he cried:

"Liege is the daughter of Rome, as the motto on the great seal of our city states, '*Legia Ecclesie Romanæ unica filia*.' The Pope alone has the right to excommunicate us."

"It is true," exclaimed a collier; "down with Ferdinand of Bavaria!"

Beekman threw the document among the crowd, who tore it into pieces.

Amongst cries of "Down with the prince-bishop! long live the brave Beekman! down with the Swallow-tails!" a shout of "To the Perron!" was raised, and immediately re-echoed by a thousand voices:

"To the Perron—to the Perron! we must elect a Mambour!"

The Perron, the grand outer staircase in front of the town hall, in the great square, was the time-honored forum of the people of Liege. The Mambour was the citizen chosen to conduct the affairs of Government during the interregnum occasioned by the death or deposition of a prince-bishop.

Beekman trembled with joyful anticipation. In the popular excitement he was certain to be elected. "As Mambour," he muttered to himself, "I shall have the right of levying and leading the troops of Liege. I shall be dictator. Who knows? I may yet be a prince. The horoscope is bravely being fulfilled." But on the crowd arriving at the Perron, they found standing on its upper landing two old men of grave and dignified demeanor—these were Luriet de Chokier and Matthew Laensberg, the former bearing a letter from the irresolute prince-bishop to the citizens, recognizing the election of Beekman as burgo-master, renouncing the impost on meat, and according several other trifling concessions. This tranquillizing oil poured over the troubled waters of popular commotion, instantly quelled the rebellious tempest, and the people dispersed to attend to their private affairs. Beekman, overwhelmed with disappointment, could not refrain from casting a reproachful glance at the venerable canon, who, unheeding it, took the other's hand, saying:

"Cheer up, my son; we must wait a little longer for your increase of dignity. It is on this very spot that it will take place, but the time is not arrived. Ah, I am as anxious as you are for that elevation, which will not fail to happen."

The sincere tone in which these words were uttered, the sigh breathed by the old man as he turned away, struck the new-made burgo-master with surprise, as he well knew that his wife's uncle had no ambitious fancies. But the fact was that Beekman, wholly absorbed in the pursuit of rank and power, could not see what was clearly apparent to everybody else. Buried in an unceasing round of political and municipal intrigue, he neglected his wife. The demon of ambition having obtained full possession of his soul, to her gentle pleadings for more of his society, the replies were harsh and unfeeling, so much so, indeed, that at last the painful truth became evident to her mind that he had married her on account of the prediction only. Completely wretched, she passed her solitary hours in tears. Even the ordinary solace of a deserted wife, the tender cares and duties of a mother, was denied to the unhappy Catherine. The worthy astrologer observed all this, and fully believing in the infallibility of the horoscope, wished as ardently as the ambitious Beekman to see its fulfillment, for had not the stars proclaimed that Catherine would be happy when her husband was raised above all his fellow-citizens?

Death, the sternest of moralists, however, had his part to play in this little drama, as he has in all others, though his entrance on the stage is so seldom calculated upon by any of us. The magnificent aspirations and subtle schemes of the ambitious burgo-master were in one moment stopped for ever. Not more than two years after the period when this tale commences, at the close of a grand municipal banquet, Beekman dropped down dead as he was rising to leave the table. Whether poisoned by his political enemies or stricken by apoplexy, though the question was much debated at the time, it is useless for us to inquire now.

Gerard Dow, to shun the sight of the woman he loved as the wife of another, had settled at Dusseldorf, where he had achieved his grand composition of the finding of the true cross by the Empress Helena, and where he commenced his superb picture of the martyrdom of St. Catherine. No sooner did he hear of the death of Beekman than he returned to Liege. After a year of mourning, Catherine married the devoted artist; her uncle, at the wedding-dinner, denouncing the follies of astrology. But the pursuits and convictions of a lifetime, even though discovered to be erroneous, are not easily relinquished in old age. Two more years passed over, and again it was a gala day in the city of Liege. The citizens had just finished the inauguration of the statue of their political idol, William Beekman, placed on a lofty pedestal on the summit of the Perron. Dow had laid down his palette to enjoy the evening meal with Catherine, who sang quaint Flemish ditties to her baby in her lap. The door opened, and the worthy canon entered, proclaiming the fulfillment of the horoscope.

"Catherine," he said, "was happy, and Beekman was raised by his fellow-citizens above themselves."

Catherine could not deny her happiness, though an incredulous smile, unfavorable to the pretensions of astrology, illumined the listeners' faces.

THE State Divisions of the "G. A. R." are holding their semi-annual conventions just now.



**THE ORIGIN OF "COLLEEN BAWN."**—Here is the true story of "Colleen Bawn." It will be new to most readers: "We talked (said the tourist) of the good but coarse Irish novel, 'The Collegians.' The story is a fact, and not only a fact, but the trial of the hero, and the whole melancholy event, was given by Curran in the *New Monthly Magazine*, just after it happened, in much finer style than in 'The Collegians.' The hero was a Mr. Scanlan, a dissipated young man in the county of Limerick; his family are what the peasants call 'small gentry.' His uncle, Mr. Scanlan, was high-sheriff last year; Curran dined with him the day of the hero's execution. Curran said the uncle's sangfroid and indifference were frightful; he shrugged his shoulders, tucked his napkin under his chin, said, 'it was a sad business,' and called for soup. In this, one may discern the same temperament as in the nephew, the murderer. The fair, frail girl whom this Munster Lohraro had seduced, robbed her uncle of eighty pounds at his suggestion—safety and avarice were his motives to marry her. She had given him forty pounds; he wanted the rest, and to get rid of her. When he had sent her off in the boat with his servant, who was first to shoot and then to fling her into the Shannon, he lurked about the shore waiting his return. To his dismay, he saw the party row back—she all smiles and fondness, extending her arms to him. The servant, taking him aside, said, 'I cannot kill her! Sure, when I had the pistol raised, she turned round with her innocent face, and smiled so in mine; I could not hurt a hair of her head, the crathur.' Scanlan took him to a public-house; primed him with whisky, gave him a fresh bribe, and sent him once more, with his victim, to sail on the Shannon; waited his return on the shore, and saw him come back without her."

**PUMPING WATER.**—The best, most economical way of doing this drudgery is by using Ericsson's Caloric Pump: of late greatly improved and rendered noiseless. It is perfectly safe, does not get out of order, and is easily managed by any servant. For ten years past it has been in constant use in many of the finest houses on Murry Hill, and at a large number of country-seats, giving perfect satisfaction, and thus proving its durability and efficiency. One always in operation at the office, 164 Duane street.

## CATARRH.

Bad, nasty complaint; one-third of the people are its subjects. Wolcott's Annihilator cures it permanently. Six pills will be sent, free of express charges, on receipt of \$5, or one pint of Pain Paint, for Pain, Lameness or Diarrhea, by R. L. WOLCOTT, 161 Chatham Square, N. Y., or sold at all Drug Stores.

## ROUSE THE SYSTEM.

It is a sad thing to pass through life only half alive. Yet there are thousands whose habitual condition is one of languor and debility. They complain of no specific disease; they suffer no positive pain; but they have no relish for anything which affords mental or sensuous pleasure to their more robust and energetic fellow-beings.

In nine cases out of ten this state of lassitude and torpor arises from a morbid stomach. Indigestion destroys the energy of both mind and body. When the waste of nature is not supplied by a due and regular assimilation of the food, every organ is starved, every function interrupted.

Now, what does common sense suggest under these circumstances of depression? The system needs rousing and strengthening; not merely for an hour or two, to sink afterward into a more pitiable condition than ever (as it assuredly would do if an ordinary alcoholic stimulant were resorted to), but radically and permanently.

How is this desirable object to be accomplished? The answer to this question, founded on the unvarying experiences of a quarter of a century, is easily given. Infuse new vigor into the digestive organs by a course of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. Do not waste time in administering temporary remedies, but *make the system up* by recuperating the fountain-head of physical strength and energy, the great organ upon which all the other organs depend for their nurture and support.

By the time that a dozen doses of the great vegetable tonic and invigorant have been taken, the feeble frame of the dyspeptic will begin to feel its benign influence. Appetite will be created, and with appetite the capacity to digest what it craves. Persevere until the cure is complete—until healthful blood, fit to be the material of flesh and muscle, bone and nerve, and brain, flows through the channels of circulation, instead of the watery pabulum with which they have heretofore been imperfectly nourished.

## SWEET QUININE.

## SVAPNIA

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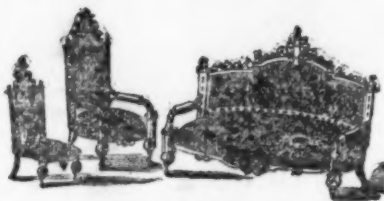
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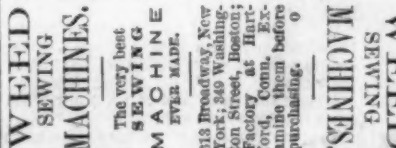
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